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## CARDINAL STRITCH

Congratulations on your January story about Chicago's Cardinal Stritch by Dan Herr. Not only was the story informative and interesting, but the layout and use of red on black on the lead page was superb.

Those of us who are privileged to have Cardinal Stritch as our spiritual shepherd know the reality of the hymn the choir sings as he enters the Cathedral—*Eccles Sacerdos Magnus*—“Behold the Great Priest.” Truly, he is a great priest and a real spiritual father to his flock.

RICHARD N. CURTIS

CHICAGO, ILL.

The interesting and well-written article about Cardinal Stritch in the January issue of THE SIGN contains an observation to the effect that his surname is unusual “in that it is not immediately recognizable as Irish.”

That observation prompted one of your readers to consult a book which seems to be generally accepted as an authority in its field. Its title is *Irish Names and Surnames*. “Strete, Streate, Streete, Strety, Stretyis, Streache, Streach, Stretch, Strutch, Stritch; Nor. ‘de la Strete’, Old. Eng. ‘atte Strete’ i.e. at the street or paved (Roman) road, from residence thereby. (The old forms Streache, Stretch, etc., stand for Streets, monosyllabic surnames of local origin often adding s after the manner of patronymics, as Williams, Jones, etc.) Stritch was the name of an old and respectable merchant family in Limerick, of which city Nicholas Stritch was mayor in 1427. Among the twenty exempted from pardon by Ireton when he took possession of Limerick in 1651 was Alderman Thomas Stritch. There are very few of this old name now in Limerick.”

JOHN J. IAGO

BALTIMORE, MD.

## THE SPEAR FAMILY

How delighted we were with the brilliant presentation of the Spear Family in the January issue of THE SIGN.

Outstanding in every way in living the Catholic life, this family has been a credit to their own little community and to the Church throughout this country.

Irene Corbally Kuhn has handled it in a masterful way.

Congratulations both to THE SIGN and to the very talented artist who painted the picture of Catholic family life in full dimension. Already, its effect has been recognized and felt in our area.

(REV.) WILLIAM B. O'BRIEN

WALDEN, N. Y.

## CUSA

It was indeed a great pleasure to receive THE SIGN for January. I am sure Miss Bur-

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ton's "Woman to Woman" article will interest many people in the Catholic Union of the Sick in America.

She did a very fine job and we are extremely grateful to her for her help.

LOUISE BRUNNER

THE CATHOLIC UNION OF THE SICK IN  
AMERICA  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

We are delighted with the presentation of the article on CUSA in the January issue of THE SIGN. It looks quite beautiful in print and we are hoping for good results from it. You would be amazed at the responses such articles usually bring in; I suppose the reason is that invalids read so widely, especially Catholic periodicals. . . .

GRACE M. GAVIN  
SECRETARY TO CUSA

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please thank Katherine Burton for her nice article—but God forgives despair.

MRS. PHOEBE T. O'NEILL  
SEATTLE, WASH.

### JUMPING THE GUN

I always enjoy THE SIGN and consider it America's finest Catholic magazine. Therefore I hope you won't take this letter as a criticism, which it is not. I am sure the following slip has been brought to your attention and you found it amusing, too.

In the January issue, Robert Cormier's "First Chance" was good reading, and it is a shame that Dom Lupo, who illustrated the tale, didn't read it or did so carelessly.

The illustration (page 17) shows the policeman at the top of the stairs with his gun drawn and has the caption "Kiely reached the top of the stairs and hesitated." Yet the author tells us the officer arrived at the killer's door and then "He remembered suddenly, sheepishly that his pistol still remained in the holster."

L.T. ROBERT K. McLAUGHLIN, USAF  
RANTOUL, ILL.

### DECEMBER EDITORIAL

Your magazine was accepted as a religious publication; however the December editorial was the exact reverse of our beliefs as Canadians. It was the U.S.A. that seriously fell short of its friends. England and France did what we felt was the proper thing. . . . I cannot feel free to read or permit my children to read propaganda little different from Russian.

One is military domination, yours is economic, the end result the same.

God save the Queen!

J. PRITCHARD  
WILLOWDALE, ONT., CANADA

Your editorial in the December issue of THE SIGN has prompted me to write this. In it, you condemn Britain for her intervention in Egypt together with France.

First, I would say that subsequent events have shown Nasser to be as much an agitator in the Middle East as Mr. Ben-Gurion. So your crocodile tears for Egypt are wasted. . . .

(Continued on page 77)



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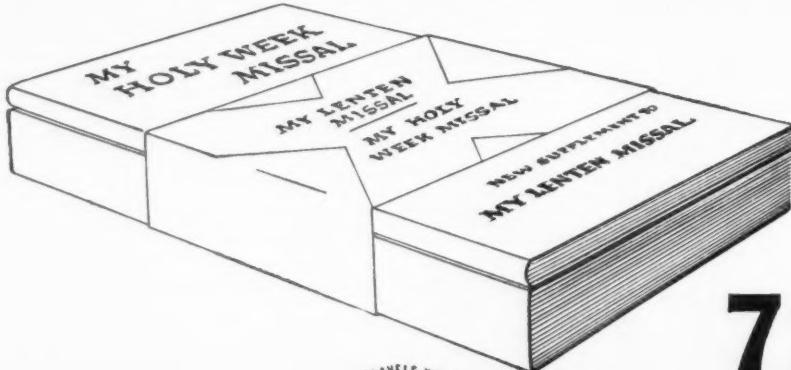
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MARCH

1957



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# The Sign®

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## The Threat of War

**T**HE rulers of Soviet Russia have regard for neither God nor man. They have murdered their own citizens as wantonly as they have slaughtered their hapless neighbors. They speak of peace, of justice, of the self-determination of peoples; at the U.N., at international conferences, and in the world's embassies, they pose as civilized gentlemen. And yet we know—or should by this time—that they are a gang of murderers, thieves, and cut-throats.

We should long ago have made up our minds that neither in nor out of the U.N. can you deal with Soviet Russia in the same way you deal with other nations. Take a recent example. When the U.N. disapproved the attack on Egypt by Britain and France, these great nations, at the point of complete victory, called off their forces and withdrew. When the U.N. condemned Soviet slaughter of Hungarians whose only crime was a love of liberty, the Reds thumbed their noses at the U.N. and world opinion and continued the slaughter.

Where do we go from here? More talks, more agreements, more declarations, more denunciations by the U.N.? We don't think this will do any good. We should save our breath for a better purpose. One might as well try to beguile a tiger in the jungle with kind words or a winning smile.

The Red rulers have respect for only one thing, and that is superior military power. The only means at the disposal of the free world to halt the march of Soviet aggression is the threat to use force.

It is perfectly stupid to tell the Reds, as we have so often in the past, that we will do everything to oppose them—*short of war*. That's all the go-ahead they need. They are given advance notice that they can take what they want without fighting for it. That's why the Reds took over China. That's why they marched into South Korea. When the threat of U.S. military force was made, they didn't dare move a finger to invade Formosa.

Now the Reds are aiming at the Middle East, one of the most vital strategic areas in the world, the land-bridge connecting Asia and Africa. If they take this area, they will not only protect their own southern border from attack but will outflank Europe from North Africa and will cut off the vital oil supplies on which our European allies depend for economic and military strength.

In our opinion, the Eisenhower Doctrine is

exactly what is needed. It states clearly and firmly that U.S. military forces will meet any Red aggression in the Middle East. It puts the Reds on notice that they are not to take advantage of waning British and French power by moving in to take their place. If they try to do so, they will find that the "vacuum" has been filled by American military might.

The Reds really dislike the Eisenhower Doctrine, a fact very much in its favor. The President gave them another jolt in his recent budget message when he referred to atomic support commands that are being established as part of our defense effort. This remark made the Reds hopping mad. The President didn't spell it out for them, but they knew what he meant. The West has ringed Russia with air bases from northwest Europe, through West Europe, North Africa, Greece, Turkey, Iraq, Iran, Saudi Arabia, the Philippines, Okinawa, Japan, to Alaska. From any or all of these bases, air-borne nuclear attacks can be made on Russia at a moment's notice.

We hope it won't be necessary. But we think the Russians hope so even more fervently than we do. We could strike a hundred blows to their one, and they know it. They've been bluffing us and we've let them get away with it.

**T**HE Pope knows as well as anyone the horrors of modern warfare. He loves peace and prays for it with all his heart. But he has expressly declared that in certain circumstances the risk of war may be justly incurred and that the true Catholic may not refuse to do battle.

We don't want war any more than the Holy Father does. We advocate taking the best means available to preserve the peace. It is our opinion that in the present circumstances it is essential for peace that we should not rule out in advance the threat of war and that we should maintain a military force capable of winning a war if it does come. We must keep in mind that in dealing with the Red leaders we are dealing with men who know only the law of the jungle.

*Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.*

# CURRENT

# FACT AND COMMENT



EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT

The hope of every nation lies in the soul of its people. That's why the voice of Lincoln emphasized the word *people* when he spoke of government of, for, and by the people.

## The People Are Important

Maybe that's why Almighty God goes directly to the people, when He finds the people's leadership becoming foggy, confused, and corrupt. That is what He did when He entered the world as a Man. He bypassed mighty Rome, intellectual and political center of the world at the time. He bypassed Jerusalem, religious center of His people's hopes. He went to the obscure village of Bethlehem. Even there He bypassed the influential citizens and was born in a cave. Thus He came to His people, born of a maid of the people. He announced His arrival to shepherds, real representative people. And the message said that His coming meant joy to all the people.

In modern times we have seen again God manifest His preference to go directly to the people. He sent His Blessed Mother to the children of LaSalle, to a maid at

## God Works Through His People

Lourdes, and to the three children of Fatima—each time with a message of world-wide import. More recently, we have seen the Vicar of Christ bypass direct appeal to the governments of nations and carry his cause to the peoples of the world. Thus in His Christmas message of 1955 His Holiness seemed skeptical of building a bridge of peace between east and west, between both sides of the Iron Curtain, on the governments of nations. He frankly placed his hope in the peoples of all nations as a prerequisite for establishing agreements among governments. At the peak of the Hungarian crisis His Holiness made a world-wide broadcast and again it was the people he urged to re-form their ranks and allegiances.

Today, a tremendous change is sweeping the world. It was the changing temper of the people of Russia which brought about the big zig of Khrushchev in his famous de-Stalinization speech of February, 1956. It was the rising sentiment of outraged justice in the hearts of the Polish people which made Gomulka and the Kremlin ease the controls oppressing the people of Poland. It is the rising sense of human decency which is making the opportunist Tito respond more carefully to the demands of his people. Above all it has been the people of Hungary, weary of slavery, weary of being sullen and cowed, weary of every outraged sense of human dignity, which has given an example of courage and hope to the contemporary world. More than anywhere else, it is in Hungary that the western peoples have touched again their roots and recaptured that which the Western world had in large part lost: the power



United Press  
The deep spirituality of Pope Pius XII is reflected in the Pontiff's face as he bends to kiss the feet of Christ during a visit to the Capranica, the world's oldest seminary



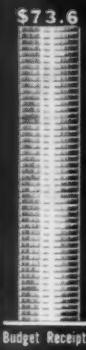
**CATHOLIC BISHOPS' RELIEF FUND**  
1957 APPEAL

PLEASE OPEN YOUR HEART!

This is the poster announcing the 1957 Laetare Sunday collection for the Bishops' Relief Fund. Give generously

Chart indicates size of latest national budget  
If you spent \$1,000 a day, it would take you 200,000 years  
to spend the \$73 billion in the budget

United Press Photo

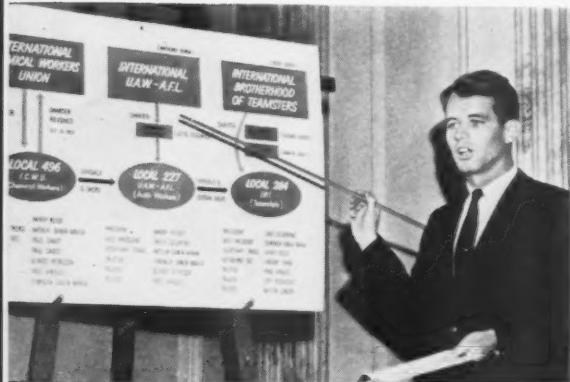


Fiscal Year 1958 Estimate

## Where \$73.6 Billion will go

Major National Security	\$43.3
Interest	7.4
Veterans	5.0
Agriculture	5.0
Labor and Welfare	3.5
International	2.4
Commerce and Housing	1.8
Natural Resources	1.5
General Government	1.5
Debt Retirement	1.8
Allowance for Contingencies	.4

Two Hong Kong cave dwellers reflect the sad plight caused by the crown colony's appalling housing shortage  
In a wealthy world, the poor are still with us



Counsel Robert Kennedy of Senate Investigating Subcommittee uses chart to show how corrupt local was manipulated from one union to another

to live or to die for their faith—for their ideals. It is a new hope, for it sounds the death knell of our weary waiting, our compromises, our retreating, our fearful escapism. It is a solemn warning to the leaders of the world.

The practice of what might be termed "selective morality" seems to be a chronic weakness of human nature. We refer to the habit of condemning loudly faults that others have,

while ignoring our own weaknesses. It is the old practice of seeing the mote in a neighbor's eye, but not the beam in one's own. Individual and groups seem

equally guilty of this practice. Business men often denounce graft and corruption in public life. But there has been little complaint about the widespread practice of commercial bribery. Even more cynical is the loud denunciation of certain evils in one political party, although the same abuses prevail in the other.

The result of all this is to make many persons distrustful of moral pronouncements. They wonder what callous bit of self-interest is being covered up under the guise of righteous indignation. Most of us would welcome, as a refreshing change, some group coming out against evils within its own camp.



Father Fidelis Rice, C.P., receives Air Force award for Passionist radio program, "Hour of the Crucified," cited for "spiritual and moral leadership" of air personnel

The recent meeting of top officials of the A.F. of L-CIO, in Miami saw two heartening developments in this direction. First, the powerful International Union of Electrical Workers

came out with a code of ethical practices. The purpose of this was not merely to prevent abuses but also in a positive fashion "to encourage the expansion and diversification of democracy within our union."

After the announcement of general principles, the code spells out detailed rules of conduct under four headings. These deal with organizational activity; administration of health, welfare, and retirement programs; conduct of local unions; and administration and use of funds.

Furthermore the document pledges constant review and improvement of the standards set forth, so that it may be improved as a result of experience and adapted to meet new needs. Particularly heartening

is the sensitivity to the need for improving democracy at the local union level. Apathy and indifference at this level have been at the root of many serious evils within the labor movement.

### Meany Means Business



Youth and old age meet as Senator Theodore Francis Green, 89, the oldest member of Congress, gives some advice to the youngest, Rep. Dingell, 30

"Hey, how about me?" seems to be the sentiment of Bobby Joe as he sits with New York Welfare Commissioner Henry McCarthy. The kids want foster parents

The second development was the action of the Executive Council of the A.F. of L-C.I.O. in decreeing disciplinary action against any union official who hides behind the Fifth Amendment to cover up illegal or unethical actions. This was carried by a vote of twenty-six to one, the dissenter being the powerful leader of the Teamsters. Few national organizations have had the courage to stand up against a member powerful enough to threaten disruption of the entire movement.

It would have been easy enough to have used legalisms about the Fifth Amendment. Recent debates about its use in regard to Communism have provided ammunition for any who would hold that "pleading the Fifth" is not a necessary indication of guilt. To the credit of the labor movement, it took the more realistic view that innocent persons rarely, if ever, plead fear of self-incrimination.

We are not optimistic enough to believe that these forward steps will end the problem of corruption and autocracy within the union movement. Racketeering and misuse of power undoubtedly will make headlines for many years to come. After all, the combined force of organized labor and the states of New York and New Jersey have not yet cleaned up the New York waterfront. But it is heartening to know that the top leaders of organized labor are fighting for reform and housecleaning, not for inaction or the covering up of abuses.

When our President remarks that you do not promote the cause of peace merely by talking to your friends, we heartily agree. When, in answer to a question about the right attitude toward receiving men like

#### We Do Not Agree Mr. President

King Saud and Tito, he declares: "I am always obliged to any man, any head of state, who will come and talk to me when we

think we have problems to be advanced," then we hope he is ready to make further distinctions.

The President's official guests are the guests of the people of America. His honor is our honor. We are proud of the lofty moral leadership he has shown in recent critical months. Judging by the recent avalanche of protests which fell upon Washington when it was rumored Tito was coming, Americans will not lightly use the honor of the highest office in the land to confer artificial respectability upon an international gangster. We demean ourselves and break the hearts of millions of oppressed people groaning in slavery behind the Iron Curtain.

We can see the President's point in holding conference with King Saud. The King represents an ancient civilization. His people lie at the crossroads of international, racial, religious, commercial, and ideological tensions.

#### Saud Talks Human Language

On his attitude will depend in large measure our friendly or hostile relationship with fifty million Arabs and three hundred million Moslems. His own people are emerging from a state of medieval Islamic culture. They are seeking adjustment in the world of tomorrow. As yet, they are untainted by the moral perversion of Communism. King Saud appears to be a man with whom you can talk over differences. There is reasonable hope that we can discuss matters of elementary justice based on a truthful exchange of views.

With Communists it is different. Not the casual Communist, who foolishly checked in, got burnt, and checked out of the Party. We mean dedicated Communists such as Tito. The dedicated Communist is a pervert, intellectually and morally.

#### Communists Are Different

His "philosophy" is perverted. His code of conduct is perverted. His whole history is a record of perversion, imposed time and again by force and deceit on defenseless peoples. The recent report of the Senate Subcommittee on "Soviet Political Agreements and Results" dramatizes this perversion. Marx himself declared, "Communism abolishes eternal truths, it abolishes all religion and morality." Lenin later explained that Communists retain some morality. Their standard of morality is whatever helps the class struggle of the Proletariat. With such "morality," the deliberately dedicated Communist justifies any kind of deceit, inhumanity, or injustice.

With such dedicated Communists you do not discuss matters. You simply "deal" when you have to. Maybe we have to deal with Tito. After all, for the privilege of peaceful coexistence, we will this year pay to the International Conspiracy the tribute of \$43,000,000.00. (60 per cent of our current budget earmarked for armaments!) But granted that officials must, at times, deal with gangsters, that is no reason why the Mayor must cordially invite the chief hoodlum to City Hall for the plush parlor treatment. No respectable citizenry would stand for it. Besides, when necessary to deal with criminals, there are wiser ways of doing so. Let's save our President for meeting with men of some degree of elementary honor.



*Gullion*  
Germany's Chancellor Adenauer, leaving an official meeting, bends to greet child. The moment was touching evidence of the man's greatness and the child's simplicity



*United Press*  
Father Roland de Vaux, Dominican archeologist at the Ecole Biblique in Jerusalem, studies fragments of Dead Sea Scrolls, which shed new light on life in time of Christ

## Views in Brief

**Stealing.** A recent survey at Indiana University reflects some off-beat ideas about stealing. If forced to, most of the people questioned would steal from a big business firm—because it's "powerful" or "ruthless." About one-third would steal from the Government—because "it would hurt the least." Less than 5 per cent would prefer to steal from a small business owner—because he would be most lenient to a captured thief. We suspect from the answers that it would not take much to "force" them. And it is disturbing to see such unconcern for moral principles.

**The Public Life.** Catholics who are engaged in politics cannot be satisfied simply with applying the teachings of the Church to their private lives; they must also apply these teachings to the affairs of their public lives wherever they can. Speaking in Switzerland on "Religion and Politics," Bishop Charrive emphasized this: "It is not enough for a Catholic engaged in politics to lead a real Christian life privately. He must also promote the social reforms suggested by the Pope and the Bishops."

**The Continuing Evil.** Professor Landis, of the University of California, inspected the backgrounds of 2,000 students. He found: if both pairs of grandparents were divorced, the divorce rate of the student's parents, aunts, and uncles was one in two and a half marriages; if one pair of grandparents divorced, the divorce rate for the next generation was less than one in four; if neither pair of grandparents divorced, the divorce rate for the next generation was one in seven. If divorces tend to have this influence on the families involved for succeeding generations, we may well be alarmed over our high divorce rate.

**Press Month Notes.** Msgr. George Higgins, director of NCWC's Social Action Department, has a point that Catholic editors should ponder. Says he: "Our principal criticism of diocesan papers in the field of social action is that, by and large, they tend to play up important but relatively remote national and international releases to the neglect of social action developments in their own localities." Keeping Catholics informed of papal declarations is well and good, but how can the laity be expected to do anything concrete about them unless they are also made aware of the social problems in their own communities? . . . And another thing: Why is it that so much press month promotion is devoted to blaming the laity for failing to support the Catholic press? Publishing success, we always thought, is based on two ingredients—a good product and effective promotion. No publication ever succeeded by nursing grudges against its readers.

**Presley by Phone.** A system called *Tele-chanson* is now the rage in Paris. Dial a number and you hear a hit record in the same way that time and weather reports are now given out in many U.S. cities. Imagine dialing the number by mistake? Instead of a sweet French voice telling you, "Sorry, wrong number," you hear Elvis Presley singing, "I'm nothin' but a houn' dog." Please, Mr. Bell, say it can't happen here.

**Ike and the South.** Negro leaders are reportedly upset over President Eisenhower's rejection of an invitation to make a major speech on civil rights in the South and over his Attorney General's refusal to confer about the recent bombings in Alabama and Florida. "Washington must learn," commented the Rev. Martin King, "that the problems in Birmingham are as important as problems in Budapest."

# SPIRITUAL COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

**Chaplain to 1200 chaplains and 1,500,000 soldiers is Msgr. Ryan's unusual job. Here is his story by PAUL F. HEALY**

ON DEC. 1, 1928, a young lieutenant named Patrick Ryan reported to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, on his first assignment as post chaplain. The late major General Edward ("Hardboiled Eddie") King briefed the innocent recruit about the harsh realities of Army life but then added one bracing bit of advice.

"Remember," said the General, "whatever post you're at, you will be the spiritual commander-in-chief."

Chaplain Ryan has remembered King in every Mass he has said since then, grateful for the initial inspiration the General gave him in his respectful and accurate assessment of the role of the Army chaplain. Today, Ryan is a pre-eminent authority on this subject. At fifty-four, he is a monsignor, a major general, and Chief of Army Chaplains. Thus he is "spiritual commander-in-chief" of 1,500,000 soldiers and, more directly, boss, friend, and sparkplug of the Army's 1,200 chaplains, Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish. He is also ad-

viser to General Maxwell Taylor, Army Chief of Staff, on all matters religious and moral.

It is safe to say there has never been an Army Chief of Chaplains quite like Ryan. He is a brisk, trim, taut, competent-looking Spartan who, though slightly below medium height, moves with the long, quick step of the infantryman. There is no trace of the unsoldierly bearing which too often has identified the Army chaplain. If he did not wear crosses on his lapels, Ryan could pass for a seasoned commandant.

One former colleague recalls that Ryan was "always a spit-n-polish guy—and usually the best-looking officer on the post."

Ryan has the bland face of a rough and ready altar boy, and in the Pentagon he is known as a hard-driving, exacting executive. But even then his Gaelic charm occasionally peeps through. After hours, with a brighter twinkle in his blue eyes and a full pipe in his teeth,

he presides over the famous dinners he gives in his house on Massachusetts Avenue. He is a relaxed and witty host who is at his entertaining best when drawing on his stock of Irish and Swedish dialect stories, culled from his early life in Minnesota. Sometimes he cooks the meal himself, specializing in steaks and crepe suzettes.

Ryan seemingly knows, and is liked by, everyone who is anyone in the capital. During his twenty-eight-year regular Army career, he formed friendships with some of the men who now run the government—from President Eisenhower on down (Mamie still calls him "Pat"). But his most constant companion is "Duke," the German shepherd he salvaged as a pup from the Germans in Italy during the war. Ryan later had "Duke" mustered into the "K-9" corps and now quips that his dog is the only German to have been given an honorable discharge from the United States Army. He also insists that "Duke" dis-

*On first tour of Army bases in European command, Msgr. Ryan sits in Hitler's chair*



plays a sense of humor when confronted with stuffy officer types.

Ryan's experience uniquely qualified him to be Army Chief of Chaplains and his appointment to a four-year term in that position on May 1, 1954, had been regarded as inevitable. Besides being the ranking chaplain in point of service, he had distinguished himself in combat areas, first as senior chaplain for the famous Third Infantry Division in North Africa, and then as senior chaplain for the Fifth Army in Italy.

In so doing, he earned the Legion of Merit, the Bronze Star, the Army Commendation Ribbon, the Brazilian Medal of War, the Order of the Crown of Italy, the Italian Bronze Medal of Valor, and even—may St. Patrick forgive him!—the Order of the British Empire.

While serving a couple of hitches as deputy Chief of Army Chaplains in Washington after the war, Ryan demonstrated a natural administrative ability that was unusual for a chaplain.

Meanwhile, in June, 1947, he had been elevated to the rank of domestic prelate, with the title of right reverend monsignor, by Pope Pius XII, with whom he had had many conferences during the war.

Ryan has turned the trick of being regarded as both a "chaplain's chaplain" and a "soldier's soldier." He not only knows all the problems of chaplains but travels continually to reinforce his knowledge with personal contacts. He is extremely sensitive to the individual and has an excellent memory for names and faces. During the war, he once introduced 100 Fifth Army chaplains to the Holy Father without missing a name.

Under Ryan, the chaplains' branch of the Army has perfected its modernization to the point where it has virtually nothing in common with what it was up to the second world war. There were many heroes among Army chaplains during our early history, but their official relationship with the troops was a vague and shifting one. In peacetime, they were woefully inadequate to the needs of the men. In 1857, for example, 67 out of 87 Army posts had no chaplain. And some of the "chaplains" of that era were not even clergymen; some, indeed, were cooks and retired sergeants with a taste for gold-bricking.

In 1921, the chaplain was made an integral part of the Army, but he still was not required to have military training—and he was not appreciated by all commanding officers. This made the assignment a real challenge to the utterly unprepared parish priest or minister. "It was root, hog, or die, in those days," one veteran chaplain says. He recalls that he was so devoid of elementary military education when he reported at his first

post that he had to consult an Army stores catalogue to find out how to put his uniform on.

Today, the Army chaplain receives a complete military orientation, more thorough in fact than the training given for chaplains in the Navy and Air Force. The recruit chaplain in the Army gets nine weeks of basic training in the Chaplains School. After four or five years, he takes an intermediate course to add the finishing military touches. Ryan has added a "postgraduate" course of sixteen weeks for those chaplains who are slated to become senior chaplain over a division, a theater, or some other major unit.

Ryan's main objective has been to "improve the military competence of chaplains, that is, to make them better military clergymen." Besides promoting the efficiency which is dear to Ryan's heart, he believes a solid military grounding allows a chaplain to share the problems and the rigors of the men whose confidence he is trying to win.

As he told a class of officer graduates at Fort Bliss, Ark., last spring: "The chaplain is not some effete busybody or do-gooder; nor is he a religious recluse who lives in an ivory tower. He is a virile, fully trained specialist who has a vital mission to perform and who, given the opportunity to perform his work with command support, will be a valuable member of the military team."

Ryan adds that "a successful chaplain must like men, be able to get along with soldiers, and have the physical stamina to stay with them when they're doing their job. But he must at the same time preserve his dignity. He must, in other words, be with them but not of them. This thing of being 'one of the boys' is a lot of nonsense."

Chaplain Walter Hale, a Baptist and supervisor of the chaplain training programs, believes that under Ryan the Army has achieved "the best approach to an all-around religious program we've ever had in the Army."

Today's Army chaplain, in addition to saying Mass or performing other services of his faith, is responsible for providing an integrated religious program for all the men and their dependents on his post. This includes regular pastoral duties, such as counseling, hospital visits, guardhouse rehabilitation, etc. To give him time for this, he has long since been relieved of doubling in such unrelated

activities as PX officer or athletic director.

Can the effects of this program be measured? Yes. There has been a steady increase in the number of soldiers who attend religious classes in the Army as well as the ordinary religious services. And during fiscal 1956, for example, a total of 6,000 Army men took advantage of the laymen's retreat exercises in retreat houses which the Army has set up in Berchtesgaden, Germany; Seoul, Korea; and Oiso, Japan.

Too, the average commanding officer has come around to Ryan's axiom that a military organization must be "spiritually sound" in order to be an absolutely first-rate outfit. A chaplain's success, he argues, has "high military significance: it promotes the contentment of military personnel; it improves their morale; it fortifies them morally and thus enhances their efficiency. It increases their stamina in the face of hardship and danger; it protects them against the nameless anxieties that threaten them with extinction and with meaninglessness."

Ryan points out also that a chaplain is not limited to working through the chain of command to Washington, and at the same time is protected by Army regulations from having to divulge confidential information, even to a military court or board.

Ryan believes that the average young Catholic priest makes good chaplain material because his seminary discipline "is almost as good as West Point and he learns to get along with men there."

Ryan's parents were Patrick Philip Ryan and Johanna Cassaday, whose own parents had been Irish immigrants. He was born on Dec. 3, 1902, on a farm near Litchfield, Minnesota. His father had died before he was born, so Mrs. Ryan had to become father as well as mother to young "Pat." She did the job so well that she was the dominating influence of his life, as well as his closest companion, until she died in 1953. Forceful, warm-hearted, and witty, she had become a popular and almost as well known as her son, and Army circles mourned her death.

Young "Pat" made his first contact with spit-n-polish when he went to St. Thomas Military Academy in St. Paul. Former classmates remember him as being near the top of his class scholastically, but also as a prankster whose gift for humor eased him out of hot water. As an athlete, it is said, he was "small but fast and tough as they come." He played shortstop on the baseball team and guard in football.

One summer he broadened his knowledge of the world by working as a bellhop in Glacier Park. He took his bachelor of arts degree at St. Thomas College

**PAUL F. HEALY** has published many articles in the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Coronet*, and other magazines. For the past ten years, he has been Washington correspondent for the *New York Daily News*.

in St. Paul and followed this with four years at the St. Paul Seminary. He was ordained a priest in 1927 and assigned to St. Helena's parish in Minneapolis. The parish duties included walking four miles six days a week to perform the chaplain's function at the local veterans hospital. The spiritual opportunities in the military life soon beckoned him and on Nov. 6, 1928, he was in the regular Army to stay.

Ryan's first chaplain's assignments were three months at Fort Leavenworth and nearly three years at the Fort Riley, Kansas, cavalry school. At Fort Riley, the young lieutenant discovered, the old Army hands felt that if the chaplain was "a pretty good Joe (meaning if he could ride as hard as they could) we might as well go to church." Ryan, who on the farm as a child learned to ride like a comanche, volunteered for the regular cavalry school. He passed with honors and, like everyone else on the post, began riding horseback a minimum of two hours a day. Soon he was running three classes of Catholic converts six nights a week. In his first year at Fort Riley, he gathered in a total of 40 converts.

Ryan filled his first overseas assignment from 1932 to 1935, as chaplain for the 64th Coast Artillery at Fort Shafter, Hawaii. He was accompanied by his mother, who made herself an invaluable adjunct to his work by baking doughnuts for the lonesome soldiers, writing to their folks, and just being motherly. Then came chaplain duty at Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D.C. (1935-39), and, as World War II began to shape up, appointment to the Third Infantry Division then at Fort Lewis, Washington.

The Third Division invaded French Morocco on Nov. 8, 1942, in the first amphibious attack of the war, and then took Casablanca. As its chaplain, "Father Pat," now a lieutenant colonel, was in the thick of things, boosting morale.

When the Fifth Army was activated under Mark Clark, Ryan was put in charge of its 150 chaplains. When the Fifth landed in swirling confusion at Salerno, Ryan along with the headquarters unit hit the beach ahead of the 36th Division and for a time it was touch and go whether they could hold off the German troops defending there.

The next morning there occurred an incident which old buddies like to tell on Ryan because he has become such a stickler for early rising and punctuality in the Pentagon. That night on the Salerno beach he had bedded down exhaustedly under a tree and asked Lieutenant Colonel Carroll Newton, an engineer, to get him up early the next

morning, which would be Sunday, so he could say Mass. But when Newton tried repeatedly to raise Ryan shortly after dawn, the chaplain only grunted, rolled over, and showed no inclination to leave the sack. Finally, Newton, a Protestant, shouted in desperation: "Come on, Pat, get up or I'll say Mass for you myself!" With that ultimatum, Ryan bounded up and headed for his altar like a jack-rabbit.

In the fierce Italian campaign, Ryan liked to leave headquarters and ride up to the front line almost daily to see for himself how his chaplains were doing and what they needed. Once, when a

(Continued on page 76)



**Chaplain Ryan presents Chaplain Ciesielski with Commendation Ribbon for Meritorious Service**

Pictured at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, Chaplain Ryan's foremost duty is offering Holy Sacrifice for spiritual welfare of soldiers

**Chaplain Ryan, Chaplain Donahue arrive at Fort Slocum for 181st anniversary of Army Chaplaincy**



The old town lay at the bottom of the lake. What good were Mary's dreams of being married ch

To be right honest about it, I hadn't given any thought to this matter until Cole Ranger sauntered into the Farm Bureau office in our new air-conditioned courthouse.

"Jeff," Cole said—he's a big, good-natured drink-of-water who owns a large Hickory County farm as well as New Glenlea's only hardware store. "Jeff," he said, "if that new county agent is to take up where you left off, hadn't he ought to know what makes this community tick?"

I nodded in agreement—you see, I'm within a few months of retirement age—and Cole said, "You could make quite a yarn of it. What old Glenlea was like before the lake covered it. How the new town was built—you could show him our new medical center building, too. You might want to tell him how the old town looked when it arose from the dead. And for a touch of romance—well, there's Mary Bodell and Young Doc Jim, an old Glenlea-ite and a new Glenlea-ite."

Grinning, knowing he'd said all that was necessary to start the wheels spinning in my head, Cole shoved to his feet and departed.

Now, young Doc Jim Miller had been in New Glenlea several months before I got acquainted with him. Young Doc being strictly New Glenlea-ite—well, I'm an old-timer myself.

Anyway, I went out to Max Harris' farm to cull hens, got a bad scratch on my right hand and let my wife talk me into going to a doctor. Since Old Doc Tinsley was out of town that day, I crossed over to Young Doc's office.

He surprised me by saying, "Hello, Mr. Riley." I hadn't supposed that he knew who I was.

Right from the start, I liked him. Later, when I had some flu, I went to him again. By spring, we were pretty good friends. Then one day in June, he came into my office, fitted his long, lean frame to a chair, and told me his troubles.

"Guess I might as well forget my hopes for a county medical center," he

said gloomily. "The meeting last night turned into a bickering match. No one would agree to anything. Not even our good Dr. Tinsley."

In the adjoining office, Mary Bodell's typewriter stopped its clatter.

Mary had lived the first fifteen years of her life in Old Glenlea. But when the government began to survey for the proposed dam, the Bodells moved away, and I didn't see her again for almost ten years. Now, however, Mary was back, a graduate of the state ag college, and giving new life to our 4-H program as well as doing a bang-up job with her home demonstration work.

"The trouble with this town," Young Doc went on a little bitterly, "it's part Old Glenlea-ite and part New Glenlea-ite. The old and the new don't work together worth a hoot!"

"You're not telling me anything I don't know," I said.

"There's too much bitterness, too much hard-feelings—"

"You've got to remember," I broke in a little defensively, "it's been only six years since we old-timers had to give up our homes. Like Cole Ranger and Ray Everett and—"

"But the government paid you for everything," Young Doc interrupted. "And paid you very well for—"

That was when Mary came into the room. She was about twenty-five then. She had reddish-gold hair and fine blue eyes and slim, straight shoulders. There were prettier girls than Mary, I suppose, but none who was ever neater or cleaner.

"May I say something?" she said quietly. "Old Glenlea meant home to me and a lot of others, and always will. It meant happiness—security. It was church bells ringing on a quiet Sunday morning. Laughter and noisy games on warm summer evenings. The smell of burning leaves on a crisp fall night. Do you know what I did when I first saw the lake?"

Taken by surprise, Young Doc just sat there with his big mouth hanging open.

# REUNION IN OLD

*old town*

ILLUSTRATED  
EDDIE CHAI

old church

# GLENLEA

BY ERIN RENTY

ATED  
CHAN

"I cried," Mary said. "I cried because the old town was gone, and the church where my mother and father were married. I'd always dreamed of being married there in the old church, if and when—

"Let me put it another way," she said, smiling a little at Young Doc's confusion. "One Christmas, my Uncle Bert gave me a new doll. A beautiful doll. Real hair, and eyes that closed. But which doll do you think I loved better? This one, or an old rag doll that?"

"The old one, of course," Young Doc said, suddenly grinning and finding his voice.

He leaped to his feet and looked inquiringly at me. I realized then that he and Mary had never met before.

"There's bound to be bitterness and hard feelings over a thing like having your home town put on the bottom of a lake," I said after the introductions were over.

"I suppose so," Young Doc said.

But now he wasn't thinking too much about the unco-operative state of affairs in New Glenlea. I could tell that by the way he kept looking at Mary. And remembering that three's a crowd, I said something about going out to Anson Wry's place to look over his alfalfa round and left them alone.

It was one morning in August that Mary came to work, wearing a diamond and looking as happy as a three-year-old with a double-dip ice cream cone.

"Ah, haw!" I said. "What goes on here?"

Smiling, she crossed over to my desk and held out her left hand so that I could get a good look at the ring.

"Wow!" I said. "Doc really blew himself, didn't he? When will the big event take place?"

"If you mean the wedding, we're not sure." She went over to the window and stood frowning out at the lake. "You see, Jim's undecided about staying here. And if he moves, that means starting all over again. So—"

"How come he's undecided about staying here?"

"I guess he thinks New Glenlea will never be much of a town. Too many cross-currents, he says. Too many people pulling against each other."

She was watching the breeze rippling the surface of the lake. There was a little unhappy slump to her shoulders, and somehow I knew that she was thinking of the old town where life hadn't seemed so complicated. And, maybe, remembering girlhood dreams.

But suddenly she turned to me, and said, "Have you heard the news? They're going to empty the lake."

"What?" I demanded, staring at her.

"It seems that due to a shift in the rock formations, a fault has developed at the south end of the dam. They're going to drain the lake in order to make repairs."

"Don't count on it, Mary," I said, laughing at her. "The chances are they won't lower the lake enough to uncover the old church. Anyway, it'll be little more than pile of rubbish."

Smiling, she shook her head at me. "Oh, I gave up being married in the old church a long, long time ago." But somehow I knew she was only kidding herself.

Just before noon, I dropped into Fred Cooper's office. Fred's our county engineer and knows his business.

"Yep," he said. "They've opened the gates and will lower the lake to about what we used to call low flood stage."

"What will the old town be like?" I asked.

"That's a sixty-four dollar question and anybody's guess," he grinned. "In seven years, there shouldn't be too much damage to the brick and stone buildings. However, the whole thing will be a muddy, stinking mess, Jeff, or I don't know my lake beds."

• **Nowadays it's as easy to find a needle in a haystack as in a girl's hand.**

By the time I headed homeward that noon for lunch, the news had gotten around.

Cole Ranger, who stood leaning against the new modern front of his roomy hardware store, shook his head, a little sadly. "You know, Jeff," he said, "I've wished a thousand times I was back in my old store. Things were pretty good, then. Nothing much to worry about. A man didn't have to work himself to death to make both ends meet."

I wondered just how far back he was remembering. Maybe to the time his dad had run the store and Cole hadn't had much responsibility. But I went on about my business.

When I stopped at the drug store to get some ice cream to take home, Ray Everett was behind his shiny chrome soda bar.

"Remember my old store, Jeff?" he asked, a wistful expression in his eyes. "Never have been able to get used to this one."

"Maybe you miss the cockroaches," I kidded.

He scowled at me, then chuckled. "Forgot about those darned cockroaches. But no matter, those were the good old

days, Jeff. On a summer evening, folks would walk around the streets, kidding and having fun. But now-a-days—"

I suppose I could have reminded him the reason folks were out walking in the evenings was that it was too hot to stay inside the buildings. But now, up here on the hill, with air-conditioning and television and—but I let it go.

The first glimpse we had of Old Glenlea was the church steeple. Then the tops of the few roofless stone and brick buildings made their appearance. And eventually, the outlines of the streets, the dead and twisted shade trees and the foundations where the frame buildings and homes had stood.

"I was right," Fred Cooper said a little sadly. "Everything is a slimy, stinking mess."

"Reminds me of those bombed-out towns I saw over in Germany," Young Doc Miller observed.

And looking down on the ruins from the clean, pleasant streets of New Glenlea, you felt something clutch at your insides and give them a twist.

"Of course, the bridge on the old highway is gone," Fred muttered. "But we could get to the old town by boat."

However, no one ventured down there to plow around in all that smelly muck. Not until a heavy rain came driving out of the south one evening; the next morning, we found what remained of the old town clean and sparkling in the sun.

It was Father Thomas who first thought of having one last reunion in Old Glenlea before the water closed over it again.

"A final tribute to everything that once meant so much to us," he said, gazing wistfully toward the ruins of the church.

He probably never dreamed that anything would come of his remark. He was just remembering that his little, old church used to be full of friendly folks on Sunday mornings and that his fine new church always seemed kind of empty and cold. But Father Thomas' idea caught on like fire in a hay barn, and a bunch of us old-timers got together in Cole Ranger's store to talk things over.

"It was Father Thomas who thought of it," Cole said. "So I move we put him in charge of this reunion."

To this everyone agreed at once.

Looking pleased, Father Thomas got to his feet. "Fred," he began, "since you're an engineer, how about you forming a safety crew?

"And you, Dr. Tinsley, perhaps you'd head a clean-up and health committee. Cole Ranger, you'll be in charge of the road gang. You'll clear the old high-

way and lay a temporary footbridge across Hickory Creek."

By then, Father Thomas was in the saddle and riding at a gallop. He put Cal Reeding, our local garage man and ex-blacksmith, in charge of coffee and barbecued beef, two items of food we'd decided to furnish. John Kimble, publisher of the *Glenlea Sun*, was put in charge of publicity and invitations. Yes, sir, Father Thomas really organized things; in less than a week, the ball was rolling like an avalanche.

But if we old-timers thought we could have all the fun to ourselves, we got fooled. I guess everyone has a streak of sentiment in his make-up, whether he likes to admit it or not. Anyway, almost from the beginning, the newcomers were clamoring to get in on the reunion. Next thing we knew, folks who had more or less ignored each other for years were working side by side and getting a bang out of it.

It so happened that Young Doc Jim and I were put on Fred Cooper's safety committee. One day, Mary Bodell went with us into Old Glenlea. We came to the foundation of the house where Mary had lived, and she stood looking at it, misty-eyed but smiling.

"I guess it wasn't much of a house," she said, studying the shape and size of the tumbled foundation. "Not nearly as large as I remember it, anyway. And we always had trouble with the sewer in this lower end of town."

We went on, climbing past piles of rubble. We came to the old church. Of course, the roof was gone. And there were no windows or doors, and everything movable had been taken away when the building was abandoned. We stepped into the doorway and stood looking at the emptiness.

"The walls are still perfectly solid," I said, breaking the silence. "We're going to clean things up and come here for the closing event of the reunion."

Mary didn't say anything. She just stood there, smiling sadly.

The reunion was set for the last Sunday in October. That morning as I looked down at the old town, I had kind of a choked-up feeling. The dam had been repaired, the gates closed. It wouldn't be long now.

Cole Ranger came along and stopped to talk. "Guess it's a good thing we didn't wait another week to say good-bye to Old Glenlea," he said. "The water's rising fast."

"I know," I said. "Some of the lower streets are already under."

"Guess I'd better be getting down there," he said. "People are beginning to arrive."

Long before noon, the Main Street of

New Glenlea was parked full of cars from everywhere, and the old highway and the temporary footbridge seemed crowded with people coming and going.

At noon, folks lined up for the barbecue meat and coffee. Lunches were spread out on the crooked, narrow streets. Folks ate and talked of the old days and went about from group to group, laughing and calling to each other and shaking hands with people whom they hadn't seen in years. Yet, all along, there was a certain feeling of sadness mixed with the festivities. Maybe, because everyone knew that within a few hours would come the last parting.

There were probably a hundred of us who stayed for the final services in the old church. And as darkness swept down into the valley, candles were lighted and stuck here and there in cracks and on stone ledges.

"Just look!" Mary whispered to me. "Did you ever see anything quite so beautiful?"

It was a beautiful sight. The dying glow of the sky; the brightening of stars overhead. The candles burning almost without a flicker, for the night was as still as death. It was worth staying to

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• The best way to make your dreams come true is to wake up.—  
J. M. Power

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see, all right. And a breathless hush had now settled over the old town, broken only by the soft gurgling sounds made by the rising water.

We began by singing some of the old hymns. Then Father Thomas talked to us in his quiet, gentle way about friendship and brotherly love and God.

But he didn't talk very long, for time was running out on us. The moment he had finished, Fred Cooper stepped up front and said, "Folks, we're going to start ripping up the footbridge in a few minutes."

"We've hung lanterns along South Street," Cole Ranger added. "That's the best route to the old highway."

Everyone left after that. They left hurriedly, but quietly. However, some of us had to stay to gather up the lanterns and to make sure that no one was accidentally left behind.

There were about a half-dozen of us. While we stood there in the old church, hushed and silent, from out of the shadows stepped Mary Bodell, who had stayed behind with Young Doc Jim and the safety crew.

Slowly she turned and smiled at Jim. He didn't hesitate a second. He crossed over to her, and they walked

unhurriedly down to the front of the old church, hand in hand.

Of course, Mary's girlhood dream of someday being married in the same church where her dad and mother had been married couldn't come true. She had to settle for this moment of having Jim by her side and making believe. But you could tell by the shine of her eyes that this moment of make-believe was something she'd remember always. As for Jim, not being one to pass up an opportunity like this, he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"Well, folks," Cole said, breaking the silence, "we'd better get going."

We went out and gathered up the lanterns, not saying much but listening all the time to the waves lapping against the foundations of the buildings. In the distance, we could hear the road gang tearing away the footbridge. Our work finished, we went down to where we'd left the boats—the site of Cal Reeding's old blacksmith shop.

"It's been quite a day," Cole said, glancing back at the yellow candle light coming from the old church.

Of course, at that moment, we were too close to the day to realize just how important a day it would be in the lives of all Glenlea-ites, both old and new.

Yep, this is the story I'm going to tell to the new man when he comes to take my place here in the Farm Bureau Office. Also, I'll tell him what Cole Ranger and some others said the day after the reunion.

"Funny thing," Cole said, "when I went into my old store building down there and saw how small and unhandy it had been, I kind of lost my hankering for those good old days."

"I felt the same way," Ray Everett spoke up. "Fact is, my new drugstore looked mighty good this morning."

"No two ways about it," Doc Tinsley said, "we've got us a right good town up here. Of course, there's always room for improvement. Eh, Jim? Like a county medical center building?"

Young Doc Jim didn't say anything. Didn't have to. Heads were nodding up and down all over the room. And it wasn't long after this that Jim and Mary were married by Father Thomas in the new church. Got a couple boys now—wild horses couldn't drag Jim and his family away from New Glenlea.

As soon as I've finished telling all this to our new county agent, I'll suggest to him to be sure to go to church early on Sunday mornings if he wants to get himself a good seat. After that, I'll shake his hands, wish him luck, and say, "Young man, you've got the best job in the best town in the state!" and turn the office over with no regrets.

If we think of Chicago as beef and of Detroit as automobiles, we must think of Ireland's capital in terms of invoices and ledgers. Dublin has its share of industries (including the famous Guinness Brewery), but it is far from being a lunch-pail and assembly-line city, and there is no pall of smoke on its coat-of-arms.

It has been called Ireland's main street, and the description is apt enough. Here are the attorneys and civil servants, the wholesalers and distributors, the exits and the entrances. Cattle sail from its quays to feed industrial Britain, and petrol is unloaded for Moycullen and Ballyjamesduff. It is largely a city of clerks—people who earn a living by making black marks on white paper and keeping tab on all manner of things, from teachers' salaries to income tax, and from loan repayments to coal imports; a middle-class city (as I use the term here it shades up from the better-paid workers to commercial travelers and bank officials), where the great bulk of the inhabitants are as free from hunger as from supertax. The norm is everywhere, and the suburbs run to type.

And on the northern fringe of this ancient and lovely city (it was called Baile Atha Cliath—the Town of the Ford of the Hurdles—away back in the tenth century, when the marauding Danes took a fancy to it), but within a fourpenny bus run of the center, live Peter O'Neill, his wife Eileen, and their five children. The roll runs as follows: Leo, nineteen; Carmel, seventeen; Eileen, fifteen; Moira, eleven; and Tommy—the altar-boy—a noisy and solid ten.

A typical Dublin family this, and a typical Irish family, too; so typical that when I announced my errand I had to do a bit of coaxing. "What I want, Peter," I said, "is to introduce this fine family of yours to the readers of an American Catholic magazine." But I had to say a good deal more before Peter gave his *Imprimatur* and Eileen added her *Nihil Obstat*. For a tendency to reticence is part of our island story, and we are only a few generations away from the black days of landlordism, when even so slight a sign of prosperity as a fresh coat of lime on the byre meant an increase in the rent. We breathe more freely nowadays, but our instinct is still to turn our backs when we take out our purses, and though we open up readily enough on most other subjects and have inherited a colorful fluency, we are slow to discuss our own domestic affairs.

I started by getting the *bean-a-tighe* (woman of the house) to give me an inventory of her Kingdom. "It's not a

bad house as houses go," she said. (In Ireland it is bad manners to enthuse about your own.) "A good kitchen and two sitting rooms downstairs, three bedrooms upstairs, gardens back and front, and a garage. It's a compact, workable little house."

(Here, incidentally, we have a fair picture of the average Dublin working and middle-class family house. There are differences in size and price, naturally, but three or four bedrooms is the usual run.)

Then I turned to Peter himself. A

spare, gray-haired man is Peter, and there is a light in his eye. His gray hairs came a little before their time—but more of this presently. Peter is in the middle fifties now, and he has been a Corporation clerk for close on forty years.

"What did the house cost you?" I asked.

"It cost me £1400 twelve years ago—we changed from a house down the road because Eileen wanted a kitchen instead of that modern horror, the kitchenette—but it would be worth a couple of



*Carmel helps her mother, while Mr. O'Neill spades his cabbages. Mrs. O'Neill says her husband is hardly ever out of the garden*

# *A Dublin family at work and play*

**This is the story of the O'Neills. It is  
also the story of a place and a people and the story  
of ancient dogmas and living traditions**

*by John D. Sheridan*

PHOTOS BY KEVIN J. MAC MANUS

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thousand at today's prices. I didn't pay cash, of course. I put down a deposit of £200 and borrowed the rest from a building society. Repayments of principal and interest worked out at about fifty shillings a week for a long-term loan."

(Facilities for house purchase in Dublin, and in Ireland generally, are good. Building grants are given to encourage tenant-purchase, and loans are readily available from local authorities and from building societies. Twenty years ago, the interest rate was 4½ per cent, but in these days of dear money it has risen to 6 per cent.)

"How did the repayments compare with your weekly earnings twelve years ago?" I asked.

Peter did a quick mental calculation. "Roughly, the repayments worked out somewhere between a fourth and a fifth of my salary . . ."

"You are earning more now, of course?" The question mark was a tiny one, and Peter dodged it by saying "Oh, yes." But the subterfuge was apparent rather than real, for I knew—and Peter knew that I knew—that his salary is in the £900-£1100 range. Closer than that I did not care to go. (As I have said, we are a reticent people.)

"How does your present salary rate as a living wage?" I went on. This was the

housewife's cue, and she rose to it like a sea-fresh salmon to a fly.

"Peter has a good job," she said, "but living costs have more than kept pace with his increases over the years. Most of our money goes on food, clothes, house repayments, rates, and summer holidays. There is precious little margin for saving."

"If you could put a tune to that," put in Peter, "every housewife in the world would join in the chorus."

"Oh, I know that it's an occupational grumble with women everywhere," she smiled, "but it is based on solid facts. We all find it harder to make the money stretch in these times. But thank God things have been a good deal easier for us since Leo and Carmel started earning."

Leo, a scholarly lad, who is tall and who will be taller, is a junior civil servant with a salary of £300 a year, and Carmel earns three pounds ten shillings a week as a typist. Leo, like his father before him, is a Christian Brothers' boy. Carmel was educated at the Holy Faith Convent School, where her sister Eileen is still a pupil. Tommy and Moira are at the primary or "national" school.

Primary education is free in Ireland, the teachers being paid by the State, which also provides two-thirds or more of building costs. But the schools are

parish property and are managed by the parish priests, who appoint the teachers—subject to a State veto as regards qualifications.

Secondary education costs from twenty to thirty-five pounds a year for day pupils. Secondary teachers receive a basic salary from the school and incremental salary from the State. The vast majority of the schools are in charge of religious communities, which pay their own building and upkeep costs, but receive an annual per capita State grant.

"What does it feel like to have two of your children reared and able to fend for themselves?" I asked after a while.

"The money is more than useful," said Eileen O'Neill. "It's a great blessing to have them in good jobs, and a double blessing to have them at home. God has been very good to us."

"You wouldn't like to see them emigrate?"

"I wouldn't," said Peter, and his quietness carried conviction. "I want to see them grow up around me in the kind of Ireland that we fought to establish in the old days—'self-reliant, self-supporting, self-respecting,' as Davis said."

"You were in the Movement yourself, Peter?"

(We are given to these euphemisms in

**Tea time: Tommy, ten, and Moira, eleven; Mr. and Mrs. O'Neill; Eileen and Carmel, fifteen- and seventeen-years old**



Ireland. The fight for independence is referred to as "the Trouble" or "the Movement," and the second World War was "the Emergency."

He nodded, with a faraway look in his eyes. "I saw my share of fighting, and I was on hunger strike for twenty days back in 1921."

He left it at that, this quiet man with the soft voice and the gray, humorous eyes, but I knew that he could have talked till the cows came home about the days of street ambushes and flying columns, of bullets and battles and burnings, of the Irish Republican Army and the Black and Tans.

"Did your hunger strike leave any permanent ill effects?"

"Indeed it did—my stomach was bad for years afterward, and it still gives me an odd oul' dart. But I keep to a strict diet, and my general health is grand now, thank God."

Dublin is full of men like Peter O'Neill, of quiet men who grow their roses and catch the nine o'clock bus, and remember stirring times. The burned buildings have been replaced, and the dead are at rest in their quiet graves, but the scars are still in men's minds.

"How do you spend your spare time?" I asked Peter.

"Rearing a family accounts for a good deal of it," he said. "But I play a game of cards on Sunday nights—Solo or Spoil Fifteen, mostly—go to the pictures once a week or so, get an occasional round of golf in the summer time, and do a little in the garden."

"A little" is good!" laughed his wife. "Sure he's hardly ever out of the garden except on Sundays, and only the third commandment keeps him out of it then. He has green fingers, and he keeps me in vegetables most of the year."

"You don't use tinned vegetables?"

"Tinned peas once in a while, but everything else we grow or buy. Our tin opener has a quiet time of it."

"How about other amusements, Peter? You haven't a car?"

"We could have had one, I suppose," said Peter, "for many a one runs a car on less than comes in to this house. When I have a few pounds to spare I like to put it by against contingencies—hospital fees and the like. It's a tradition in this country to keep a little aside 'against the day of the sore leg,' as the saying goes. But like many another tradition it's weakening a little. Half the people who buy cars nowadays do it to be as good as the neighbors and 'keep up with the Mulligans.'"

"Have you much need for a car?"

"Divil the much. In Dublin a car is more of a luxury than a necessity. But

JOHN D. SHERIDAN, well-known Irish writer, is the author of several books, including *The Magnificent MacDarney* and *Paradise Alley*. This article on a typical Irish family was done on special assignment for THE SIGN.

the children are always urging me to get one, and I suppose I won't be able to hold out for ever."

"I suppose they want television too?"

"Over my dead body. First, the sets cost too much. Second, they're a terrible distraction in a house where children have to do their school homework. Third, we have no television service in this country, so that all the programs come from England—and even as things are, far too many of our amusements are imported. Our national cultural integrity is being threatened."

"And what do you say to all this, Mrs. O'Neill?"

"For once I agree with the man-of-the-house."

"And how about yourself—how do you spend your spare time?"

"Spare time, how are you?" she said.

"Most days I scarcely have time to bless myself. But I go to the pictures every Tuesday just to relax and take my mind off domestic worries."

Peter lit a cigarette and looked thoughtfully after the first puff of smoke.

"Her latest diversion is learning Spanish," he said innocently. "She must do something to pass the time." "Don't mind that fellow," she laughed. "When I was in Lourdes this summer I crossed the border into Spain and spent a few days in San Sebastian. I liked Spain and the Spaniards so well—a fine Catholic people and a fine Catholic country—that I made up my mind to go back again some time before I die. And so when I came home I started to take Spanish lessons at the Berlitz School in October. But the craze didn't last very long, and I gave up after a couple of months—I just hadn't time for any serious study. Running this house singlehanded is no easy job, I can tell you."

"Singlehanded!" said Peter.

"Oh, they all do their bit—I'll say that for them—and the girls are a great help, but I still have my hands full. I scarcely have the breakfast things washed and the beds made when the three youngest are home for dinner, and they're not right started when the Dad and the two eldest are in."

"They all come home to dinner?"

Yes. It's a bit of a rush, of course, and they don't have more than twenty-five minutes in the house, but it's cheaper than eating out, and they get a better dinner."

"You don't have hired domestic help?"

"Only the lucky folk have these days. When I was first married you could get an indoor maid for as little as ten shillings a week. Now a charwoman charges that for a morning's work—if you are lucky enough to get one. The girls who used to go to domestic service are all working in factories nowadays—that or acting as 'clippies' on buses in London and Birmingham."

"Times have changed in the kitchen then?"

"Indeed they have. Irish kitchens have been mechanized. Washing machines were a novelty ten years ago. Now they're a necessity. And more and more fridges are being bought because women want to buy food in bulk and cut down the number of shopping expeditions."

"Now you have started something," laughed Peter. "If you get her going on shopping and prices she'll talk till Tibbs' Eve."

The woman of the house pretended to bristle.

"And why not? Maybe if you had to buy the groceries you'd talk too! Prices are a constant worry, a regular headache. Meat is four shillings a pound or thereabouts, and bacon dearer still,



Carmel makes last-minute preparations for an evening out under the critical eye of eleven-year-old Moira

Right: Mrs. O'Neill prepares the noon-day meal. "It's cheaper than eating out," she says, "and they get a better dinner."

Milk is sixpence a pint and eggs six shillings a dozen. Running a home these days calls for careful budgeting, I can tell you, and bacon-and-eggs is a millionaire's breakfast. Clothes and footwear, too, cost a pretty penny—especially for growing children."

"And also for grown children," put in Peter, with the air of a man nursing a wound. "My last suit cost eighteen guineas. God be with the old days when you could get a wearable suit for fifty shillings! The suit I was married in cost five pounds ten—and Tommy's Confirmation suit cost more than that."

I had an opening there, but I didn't follow it up by asking any questions about religion. To ask a family like the O'Neills if they all go to their duties regularly would be like asking them if they wash daily and have breakfast most mornings. They would either take it as a silly joke or hand you your hat. I didn't ask about religion, and I had no need to, for it all came out incidentally—and for that matter I could have guessed it from the very atmosphere of the home. All the things that matter are here: weekly Communion, weekday Mass in spurts, sodality membership, the

nightly Rosary, and annual enclosed retreats. Carmel sings in Our Lady's Choir, Tommy serves Mass in Corpus Christi Church, and Leo is saving up to go to Lourdes next summer. It doesn't add up to heroic sanctity, perhaps, but it does add up to the sort of Catholicism that wears well and stays the course: and it is the sort of Catholicism that is the very air that Dublin breathes, for the O'Neills are a typical Irish family rather than a model one.

"I am sure that American readers would like to know something about the young people," I said. "How do they amuse themselves?"

"They have dozens of interests," said Mrs. O'Neill, "and the day isn't long enough for them—tennis and swimming in the summer, the pictures once in a while, and an occasional dance—mostly in the local tennis club. Leo is doing evening lectures at the university and is keen on photography, and Carmel has her choir work."

"And the piano?"

"We hear it once in a while—though the radiogram is a formidable competitor. And we have parties and musical evenings, of course—we believe in mak-

ing our own amusements. In Dublin, young people spend a lot of time at home and in the homes of their friends."

"And what about the younger children?"

"If you had to scrub Tommy's knees you could easily guess his tastes—football, birdnesting, anything with mud and scratches. Eileen plays hockey, and Moira has her dolls and her books and her street games."

"Do you worry about them when they are out of your sight?"

"What mother doesn't? But I don't worry unduly. Dublin is a good place to rear children in. I know, because I grew up in it myself. It has changed much since my young days, but not in the things that really matter."

I knew well what she meant. Dublin is a big city, but it lacks the vices of most big cities; and what keeps its people right (more than half-a-million of them now) is the grace of God. All this may sound a little smug and pietistic, but I make no apology for it: it is not so much part of the picture as the key to the picture. I have been writing about a family, but I have been writing also about a place and a people; and if you



Young Tommy helps his big sister Eileen get her bicycle in shape

Top left: Photographer Leo tries a close-up of his sister Eileen

## ANNUNCIATION

by MARY WILLIS SHELBURNE

*Our Lady walked at early dawn  
in rose-flushed morning air;  
the blossoms that her blue robe touched  
longed to be as fair.*

*She felt the cool wet of the dew  
upon her sandalled feet;  
the perfume of the blossoms wished  
to be as sweet.*

*Our Lady felt the radiance  
pouring on the land  
before she heard the silver voice  
or saw the Angel stand;*

*And then he knelt and bowed his head:  
"Hail, Mary, full of grace!  
the Lord is with thee." Holiness  
fell upon that place.*

*Our Lady walked, remembering  
the message he had given;  
with reverence and awe, she thought,  
"I am beloved of heaven!"*

want to understand that people and know something of the kind of life they lead, you must think not just of modern material comforts—or the lack of them—but of ancient dogmas and unchanging traditions. Saint Patrick came to Ireland in the fifth century, and fifteen hundred years is a long, long time.

The "Vanishing Irish" have been much in the news recently, and it is time that the picture was brought back into focus. Emigration is a problem, but it is also the answer to a problem that will be solved more satisfactorily when we get our economy into better trim and take from the good earth all that it could yield us. And though Birmingham and Brooklyn draw our young folk, there are many who prefer to spend their lives in the state that Peter O'Neill and men like him helped to establish.

We are an ancient people, but a young state—for we have been in business for ourselves only a little over thirty years. And, make no mistake about it, we are not vanishing—no matter what the alarmists say. Some of our young people are going (and our young people have been going ever since Black '47), but more are staying, and it is in these that we put our trust, in boys and girls like those Peter and Eileen O'Neill are rearing in their comfortable house on the outskirts of Dublin. And the young people who go are not lost, for we can say this of them at least—that they bring with them across the sea the traditions and the heritage that the emigrants of old carried with them in the days when we helped to people empty continents and gave bishops to half the world.

We have made great strides in thirty years, and our standards of living have improved enormously, not only in Dublin but in the rural districts, where electricity pylons are everywhere and the oil lamp is a thing of the past. Perhaps indeed we have been a little too ambitious and have moved a little too quickly, for our imports exceed our exports and the deficit has reached frightening proportions in these last years. But we are not despondent about our teething troubles, and we are confident that the children of men like Peter O'Neill will tackle economic problems of today as resolutely as their fathers tackled political and national problems of yesterday.

When I was leaving the O'Neills, Peter gave me a bunch of bronze chrysanthemums from his garden, and the woman of the house said *Beannacht De leat*—"May the blessing of God go with you." It is an old prayer, and a lovely one, and I could not help thinking as I closed the gate behind me that I was bearing away a blessing from a house that has more than its share of them.

## THINK OF THE LONELINESS

by WILLIAM V. STONE

*When like a star amid the temple's gloom  
You rose and shone, and all the old and wise  
Sat there amazed to see things with Your eyes,  
Your Father stood beside you in the room.  
And when You called the dead forth from the tomb,  
Or saw the maimed leap up and go their way  
Or sent the lepers to the priests' dismay,  
You knew celestial friendliness, touched home.*

*Then who shall think the loneliness You owned  
On Olivet, in Pilate's judgment hall,  
Along the crooked streets—the hour You mourned,  
Turning away from vinegar and gall;  
When You looked up with pitiful eyes and groaned,  
And had no answer from the skies at all?*

## LAETARE

by PVT. HERBERT J. PLUMMER

*Hell-Heaven darer, green cool sheath of mystic pine  
Alone, swept as cherubim with Oneness;  
Send wind to sway it comely  
Open clouds for seething nurture,  
Join sun with all its splendor.*

*Sun-splendid flame, white hot amorous of all  
Give, give to even green;  
Crackle havoc in bristle cluster,  
Embrace moist trunk so lightly,  
Delicately . . .*

*Until with snaredrum frenzy  
Quick tremble-tumble into sleep.*

*Find it cool.*

*Dare to lift a single scattered ember  
And feel it, steel gone, dicindle  
To soft gray dust—  
Gentle dissolution.*

# STAGE AND SCREEN

by Jerry Cotter



**Rock Hudson is startled by a tragic sight on strafed Korean air field in "Battle Hymn"**

## The Teen-agers

Hollywood still controls the attention and spare cash of almost half this country's teen-ager's, according to a recent survey. Though TV has made its impress on youth, the movie house remains the greater attraction. What they see on the screen and how they react to it is a matter of graver importance than many in the motion picture industry seem to realize.

*Baby Doll* may disgust the mature mind, but the teenager, still in the formative stage, impressionable, and perhaps mesmerized by what he sees on the screen, cannot help being affected by it.

Most movies produced today are made with the young audience in mind. It is the rare picture which is slanted for, or even considers, the over-thirty age group, and it is the exceptional movie which can entice those "older folk" to the neighborhood theater. An unhappy state of affairs, it is all the more unfortunate when you consider the type of material being tossed up for teen-ager attention and the personality types being exploited to interest them.

James Dean may have been a promising young actor, but he was hardly the sort of personality the average parent or teacher would like to confront every day. Nor is Elvis Presley exactly the model of deportment for the younger set. Yet these types have been successfully publicized and built up for the high school crowd to ape or applaud. A young girl rather scornfully told us the other

day that a certain "B" movie was just "kid stuff. It's no worse than lots of things you see on television!" The picture in question was one long stretch of suggestiveness, interrupted for a sequence of "realistic" violence. It was crude and bawdy, yet a high-school girl relegated it to the category of "kid stuff." How far have we come, and where are we headed?

## Reviews in Brief

Korea has become a misty headline, but the agony, the misery, and the compassionate episodes of that unfortunate war are brought into affecting focus in **BATTLE HYMN**. This is primarily the story of Colonel Dean Hess, a minister whose conscience never ceased to trouble him after he had accidentally bombed a German orphanage during his career as a pilot in World War II. When the Red aggression broke in Korea, he resigned his ministry and returned to service in command of an advance air base. There he finds resolutions for his inner conflicts and the opportunity to save a group of Korean orphans who are threatened by advancing Communist troops. Rock Hudson brings warmth and understanding to the role, with excellent co-operation from Dan Duryea, Don DeFore, Jock Mahoney, James Edwards, and Martha Hyer. An appealing and generally satisfying picture, designed for the entire family. (Universal-International)



*Accused James MacArthur and Kim Hunter as his mother in "The Young Stranger"*

**THE YOUNG STRANGER** is a perceptive story of today's youth, prepared by three talented young men. The star is James MacArthur, son of Helen Hayes, who is repeating a role he originated on TV. The author, not long out of his teens, is Robert Dozier, and the director is John Frankenheimer, both newcomers to motion pictures. Their collaboration results in a forthright and credible study of a boy on the threshold of manhood, a story that combines comedy, drama, and adolescent turbulence in effective style. MacArthur is a refreshing young actor with considerable emotional depth. He is excellent as the boy who is a puzzle to himself as well as to his parents. They are played with sympathy and credibility by James Daly and Kim Hunter. No routine study of delinquency, but a firmly fashioned, intelligent movie, this should appeal to the teen-agers and intrigue the adults. (RKO-Radio)

The flood of filth pouring across the newsstands in the guise of "inside facts" is the subject of a hard-punching exposé movie entitled **SLANDER**. Though occasionally contrived, it does have a good cast and makes a telling point in warning the public away from the trashy scandal magazines. Van Johnson is a TV puppeteer, faced with the decision of telling what he knows about the background of a famous star or having his own prison record spelled out in a smear magazine. The publisher, an unctuous, vicious, recognizable rogue, is played with relentless drive by Steve Cochran. Ann Blyth is excellent as Johnson's distraught wife, and Majorie Rambeau has one brilliant scene as the publisher's nauseated mother. Anyone who supports the scandal sheets after this is beyond understanding. (M-G-M)

**FULL OF LIFE** handles a difficult theme with taste and intelligence, which, combined with its basic freshness and good acting, mark it as very enjoyable, adult fare. Judy Holliday is seen as a girl married to a young Italian-American outside of his Church. She is in the final month of

pregnancy when his family learns that the couple has not been married by the priest. The ensuing events are presented with taste and in provocative style by author John Fante, on whose novel this has been based. Salvatore Baccaloni, formerly of the Met, is outstanding as the volatile Italian father, but Miss Holliday and Richard Conte are also first-rate. (Columbia)

Television plays rarely make good motion pictures, and **EDGE OF THE CITY** is hardly the exception. Based on a successful TV script, this is principally a sociological study in a setting of a strife-torn, New York railroad yard. John Cassavetes plays a young serviceman, AWOL, who finds a temporary refuge from the world and himself. His friendship with a Negro fellow worker and his participation in interracial community life are presented casually and effectively, to provide the outstanding feature of an otherwise mediocre movie. The cast is fine, but they are faced with insurmountable script obstacles in this adult drama. (M-G-M)

**GUN FOR A COWARD** offers Western fans a change of pace and mood, welcome news indeed for the moviegoers who are weary of the deeply grooved sagebrush formula. Action has been subordinated to characterization in this intelligently conceived drama. Jeffrey Hunter is the young man of the title, who has been taught by his mother to hate violence and to despise the frontier life. Two brothers, with opposite feelings, provide contrast and conflict. Hunter, Fred MacMurray, Dean Stockwell, Josephine Hutchinson, and Janice Rule give conviction to their roles in this absorbing, entertaining family yarn. (Universal-International)

Leo the Lion should be whimpering instead of roaring in the introduction to **THE LITTLE HUT**, an inept, amateurishly acted comedy, which is also in execrable taste. Based on the London stage play, which enjoyed a brief Broadway run, it concerns the plight of a husband, wife, and best friend of husband, who are cast up on a desert island. Food and shelter pose no problem for them, but sex does. It is a ninety-minute leer, unrelieved by humor, plausibility, or good acting. Ava Gardner, Stewart Granger, and David Niven are the players in this thoroughly objectionable farce. (M-G-M)

The problems of national security are scanned in **THREE BRAVE MEN**, a timely and absorbing melodrama, acted to the hilt by Ray Milland and Ernest Borgnine. Based on the actual case history of Abraham Chasanow, who was dismissed as a security risk by the Navy and later reinstated after investigation, the picture has a documentary flavor which adds interest to an already graphically depicted problem. Borgnine is the Navy man with twenty-two years of service who is suspected of Communist affiliations. While the production is dramatically effective, there are several loopholes in its construction, not the least of which is wrapping every issue in square packages. The blacks and whites have too little shading, and it is obvious that the implications of laxness by security officers in accepting hearsay evidence needs both clarification and explanation. In the technical sense this is first rate, however, with Frank Lovejoy, Dean Jagger, Nina Foch, Virginia Christine, and Warren Berlinger assisting capably. Controversial, but always interesting, this is acceptable melodrama for the entire family. (20th Century-Fox)

**DRANGO** is a superior production, written and directed by Hall Bartlett, starring Jeff Chandler, and probing a

seldom discussed aftermath of the Civil War. The Reconstruction Period in the South supplies an intriguing background for a moving study of a Union Army Major assigned to the task of maintaining law and order in a town he had helped pillage as a member of Sherman's force. Excellent photographic effects have been achieved, especially in one scene in which Chandler encounters some war orphans. In performance and conception this is a splendid example of what the motion picture can do to foster a knowledge of war's horror and the need for true understanding. It is well worth seeing on that score alone. (United Artists)

#### The New Plays

Menasha Skulnick, favorite of the Yiddish theater world, has been experimenting on Broadway for the past few years. His latest effort, a flimsy comedy, **UNCLE WILLIE**, is of the style and pace popular around the turn of the century. It depends almost exclusively on the broad comedy antics of the star, and the appeal, if any, of the *Abie's Irish Rose* school of funmaking. Dripping with sentiment and bursting with blunderbuss comedy, the show does, withal, have a warmth and disarming quality which makes you see it through in spite of itself. But it is a startling sight on the Broadway of 1957.

Kim Stanley's beautiful performance as a tormented neurotic is the outstanding feature of Arthur Laurents' poetic drama, **A CLEARING IN THE WOODS**. This study of a woman who prefers a dream world to reality is not good theater, for the writing is confused and obscure with symbolism, frustrations, and fantasy vying for attention in the Freudian forest where the unhappy woman relives the bitter past. Though there are resemblances to Ibsen and Tennessee Williams and even O'Neill in the writing, Laurents requires discipline and judgment before he can be considered a playwright of stature. This example of his work is murky and confused.

**WALTZ OF THE TOREADORS** by Jean Anouilh, starring Ralph Richardson and festooned with soliloquies, is ribald,

*Attorney Ray Milland fights to clear Ernest Borgnine's name in "Three Brave Men"*



*Jeff Chandler talks to Southerners in "Drango," story of Reconstruction period*

pessimistic, and dull. Concerned with the dotage of a maladjusted philanderer, the play is a dreary stretch of dialogue without movement, a tiresome preachment, many levels below Anouilh's best work, completely objectionable in its moral tone and undeserving to the acting efforts of the star, Mildred Natwick, and Meriel Forbes.

#### Playguide

**FOR THE FAMILY:** *The Happiest Millionaire*

**FOR ADULTS:**

*Happy Hunting; Bells are Ringing; My Fair Lady; The Matchmaker; The Diary of Anne Frank; Most Happy Fella; No Time for Sergeants; Li'l Abner; Uncle Willie; The Reluctant Debutante; Speaking of Murder; Mr. Wonderful*

(On Tour) *The Lark; Anastasia; The Boy Friend; The Great Sebastian; The King and I; Witness for the Prosecution; The Chalk Garden; Arsenic and Old Lace; The Solid Gold Cadillac*

**PARTLY  
OBJECTIONABLE:**

*Inherit the Wind; Damn Yankees; Major Barbara; Separate Tables; Shoestring '57; Purple Dust; The Hidden River*

**COMPLETELY  
OBJECTIONABLE:**

*Long Day's Journey into Night; Auntie Mame; Candide; The Iceman Cometh; Clearing in the Woods; Waltz of the Toreadors*

(On Tour) *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof; Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?; A Hatful of Rain; Janus*



*John Forsythe and Olivia de Haviland play leads in a film*

If you really want to be an actor, you won't listen to warnings that the theater is a beautiful, neon-lit golden trap. At least remember that even great actors don't become stars overnight

## *So you want to be an Actor*

by Jean Kerr

SO YOU HAVE a feeling you want to be an actor? Well, the first thing to do is to get plenty of rest and exercise and maybe the feeling will go away. And if it does, you may thank your stars—because, as far as the actor is concerned, the theater is a beautiful, neon-lit, gold-baited trap.

I'm not talking here about the thousands of eager youngsters who pour into New York and never make the grade at all. These come, still glowing from small triumphs at the Pittsburgh Playhouse or the Catholic University Theater, and they stay a year or two living on big dreams and small change until, finally becoming weary of the endless frustration of waiting in outer offices and being dismissed by casting agents and assistant directors ("don't call us, we'll call you"), they pack up and go home. We won't talk about them because they're the lucky ones. Back home in Pittsburgh or Washington, they become teachers or dental assistants and settle down to raising a family.

But what about the young man (or girl) who, through fortitude, talent, or simple dumb luck finally does land a part in a Broadway play? (This is an accomplishment, as any young actor will tell you, roughly equivalent to

breaking the sound barrier). He stands, desperately trying to conceal his nervousness, on an eerie, empty stage and hears the director (usually) say the magic words, "All right, we want you to play the cab driver in Act Three; rehearsals start in two weeks."

He stumbles out into the now strangely bright light of 44th Street with dreams of glory dancing through his head. He wires his family, he treats himself to a three-dollar dinner, he buys a ticket to a hit show—this time in the orchestra. Because, he thinks, he has arrived. Glimpses of the future swim through his subconscious like a

marvelous montage in a movie: it's opening night; he hears the sudden, sharp crackle of applause as he makes his final exit; afterward, he strolls casually into Sardi's and—what do you know—those cynical, professional first-nighters break into cheers; then the notices come in and one and all they tell the same story ("... but the real hit of the evening was scored by a newcomer making his first appearance as a philosophical cab driver.")

This mood of euphoria in which he finds all head-waiters friendly, all waitresses beautiful, and the food in Childs' delicious continues right up to the



*Eva Marie Saint (left) was fired from her first part. It took her years to become an "overnight" success in "A Trip to Bountiful"*

**JEAN KERR**, playwright and script writer, is the wife of Walter Kerr, drama critic of the New York Herald Tribune. Among her contributions to Broadway were *The Song of Bernadette*, *Jenny Kissed Me*, and *King of Hearts*.

day on which he is given a script and reads his whole part. His whole part consists of seven lines, the most colorful being, "Sorry, lady, I ain't drivin' out to Brooklyn, not at this hour of the night." After his first surge of disappointment (clearly, the late John Barrymore couldn't have made an impression in *this* part) he consoles himself with the thought that he is, at any rate, now a member of Actor's Equity—and employed.

But what happens now? The first thing that may very well happen is that the part of the cab driver, since it is in no way crucial to the plot development, may be cut when the author rewrites out-of-town. In this case our actor friend will be sent back to New York with two week's salary. Even if the part is retained, the play will probably be a failure. I'm not indulging in empty pessimism. Actual statistics show that three out of every four plays produced in New York are failures. There is, then, a three-to-one chance that this young man will play a week or two in New York and be thrown right back into the same old rat-race.

make his presence felt even in a bad part—is simply not true. The biographies of such great actors as Henry Irving and John Barrymore indicate that their efforts went totally unnoticed until, after much heart-breaking disappointment, they finally found roles that were showcases for their particular talents.

But, you'll say, that isn't fair. Actors sometimes do become overnight successes in small parts—look at Eva Marie Saint. Well, let's look at Eva Marie Saint. It's true that, three years ago in a small (but good) part in a play called *A Trip to Bountiful*, Miss Saint was showered with praise and the kind of attention which eventually resulted in a movie contract and an Academy Award.

This was success, all right; but it was scarcely "overnight" success. Eva Marie Saint had been trying to break into the theater (meanwhile supporting herself by doing television work) ever since she was fired in rehearsal from her first job, that of the nurse in *Mister Roberts*, in 1947.

This year an actress named Peggy Cass is being hailed as a bright new discovery

young actor like Marlon Brando or Gregory Peck leaves a success in New York to go to Hollywood. And while this trek to the west coast is less marked today, with the movies in something of a decline, it still goes on.

Why, everyone wonders, does such a man leave a promising career in the *Theater* to make a mere movie? Well, I know one reason why, and it has nothing to do with the glamour of Hollywood, the wide-screen, the great big swimming pool, or even the promise of a larger audience—though these things may indeed be factors. I really believe that most actors take Hollywood contracts because they offer security.

By the time an actor has knocked around long enough to be considered "promising" he has accumulated, in addition to a certain amount of experience and a great many press clippings, a wife and several children. An actor's children are curiously similar to other people's children in the way they wear out their shoes, break their arms, and require snow-suits, vitamin drops, and tricycles. All of these things, it is unnecessary to



Wide World



Graphic House



Left to right: Mary Martin, Peggy Cass, and Helen Hayes. In eight years Mary Martin has played in one failure and two revivals. Peggy Cass, a "new discovery," has been trying for ten years. Helen Hayes, first lady of the theater, has been in only one really successful play in eight years.

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But let's take a brighter view of things. The play *may* be a success. Then what? Then the actor is faced with the prospect of spending a year and a half trying to find new ways of saying "Sorry, lady, I ain't going to Brooklyn." Granted, he's eating. But he's certainly not advancing any in his profession. There's a much-quoted remark in the trade to the effect that "there are no small parts, just small actors." (This has recently been revised by some wag to read: there are no small parts, just small salaries.) But the inference behind the original remark—that a really good actor can

for her very funny performance in *Auntie Mame*. Miss Cass no doubt takes a certain wry pleasure in being labeled a newcomer, since she has been on and off the local boards for ten years. The only genuine example of an "overnight" success in which the performer had not served a long and painful apprenticeship—or at least the only genuine example I know of—was the case of a rather captivating goat who appeared in *The Teahouse of the August Moon*. I am told that this was absolutely his first appearance.

In the theater itself there is much criticism and some bitterness when a

point out, cost money. An actor in a big hit does make a lot of money and can save a little "cushion" against a period of unemployment. But with the present tax set-up it is extremely difficult for an actor to protect himself against a period of unemployment lasting longer than six months.

Many actors try to make a compromise between their genuine love of the legitimate theater and their actual need of Hollywood money by arranging deals for just one picture at a time—with, of course, the notion that they will be free to accept a good part in New York when and if it turns up.

This is fine, in theory; in practice, here is how it works out. Take an excellent young actor like John Forsythe, whose last big success was *Teahouse of the August Moon*. His heart is completely given to a "live" theater (I hesitate to use the word "dedicated" because it might suggest that he only wants to play Ibsen). Even before *Teahouse* closed, Mr. Forsythe was busy reading new scripts in the hope of finding another part that would keep him in New York. As a year passed, and no satisfactory part appeared, Mr. Forsythe succumbed to the inevitable and flew to Hollywood for eight weeks to make a single picture. Meanwhile, he had to leave his wife and children in their home in Pelham, New York, because one of the children is of school age and it seemed neither practical nor fair to take her out of school.

Eventually the picture was finished and Mr. Forsythe returned to New York, did some television work, directed a production for City Center—and still that part didn't show up. So he flew to Paris to make another picture. By this time he and his wife realized that they were

and champagne and Cadillacs once you get to be Mary Martin? It wouldn't appear so.

To begin with, Mary Martin had all the routine discouragements at the beginning of her career. (No less an expert than Billy Rose once told her that she had no talent at all and recommended that she go back to Texas.) But let's pick her up at the peak of her career—with her stunning success in *South Pacific*. In the short, cropped curly hair of Nellie Forbush, Mary Martin became a kind of national institution. Like the lyrics of *Wonderful Guy*, which she sang so entrancingly, Miss Martin seemed "high as the flag on the Fourth of July." Indeed, the mere mention of her name brought smiles of approval.

Well, that was eight years ago. What has she done since then? She has appeared in one spectacular failure (*Kind Sir*) and in two revivals (*Peter Pan* and *Skin of Our Teeth*), both of which played limited engagements. In other words, even though she must surely have had her pick of all the available scripts, Mary Martin has not been able to find a good new part since *South Pacific*.

And when a star isn't working, she's not really loafing around like you and I would, if we could. She has to watch her figure and count her calories and keep up her voice and, in general, stay in training much the way a prizefighter does between bouts.

How do they do it? Why do they do it?

They do it because years ago, as children, they were taken to see Maude Adams in *Peter Pan* or Laurette Taylor in *Peg O' My Heart* or Walter Hampden in *Cyrano* and there in the darkened theater they fell hopelessly, shamelessly, irretrievably in love—and not, as may suppose, with Maude Adams or Laurette Taylor or Walter Hampden, but with the audience. They saw quite ordinary mortals up on the stage suddenly invested—in their eyes and in the eyes of those around them—with a strange and wonderful and yet quite innocent magic. They felt the waves of admiration and affection that seemed to fill the theater and pour down on the actors. They noticed people around them with tears in their eyes, and they saw perfect strangers smiling at each



*Wide World*



*European*



*Wide World*

**Left to right: Judith Anderson, Tallulah Bankhead, and Katharine Cornell. Great stars, they have been in few hits. Between hits, they can't afford to loaf. Like a prizefighter, they have to keep in condition**

spending half the year apart and decided that nothing was worth that. When last heard from, they were selling their home in Pelham and moving permanently to California.

Lest you think I am prejudicing the case by citing off-beat examples, let's take a look at the actual figures. The most recent report from Actor's Equity reveals that, among its membership of approximately 9,000, the average annual income is \$790.

Up to now we've been talking about the promising—or even established—newcomers and the also-rans. But what is it like up on those cool, rarefied heights where the Big Names, the real stars, glow? Is everything peaches and cream

Or think of Helen Hayes, generally considered the First Lady of the American theater. With the exception of *Mrs. McThing*—a limited engagement which mushroomed into something better than that—Miss Hayes has appeared in nothing but two-week revivals at City Center since the failure of *The Wisteria Trees* in 1948. (Technically, a failure is a play that doesn't run long enough to pay off the backers).

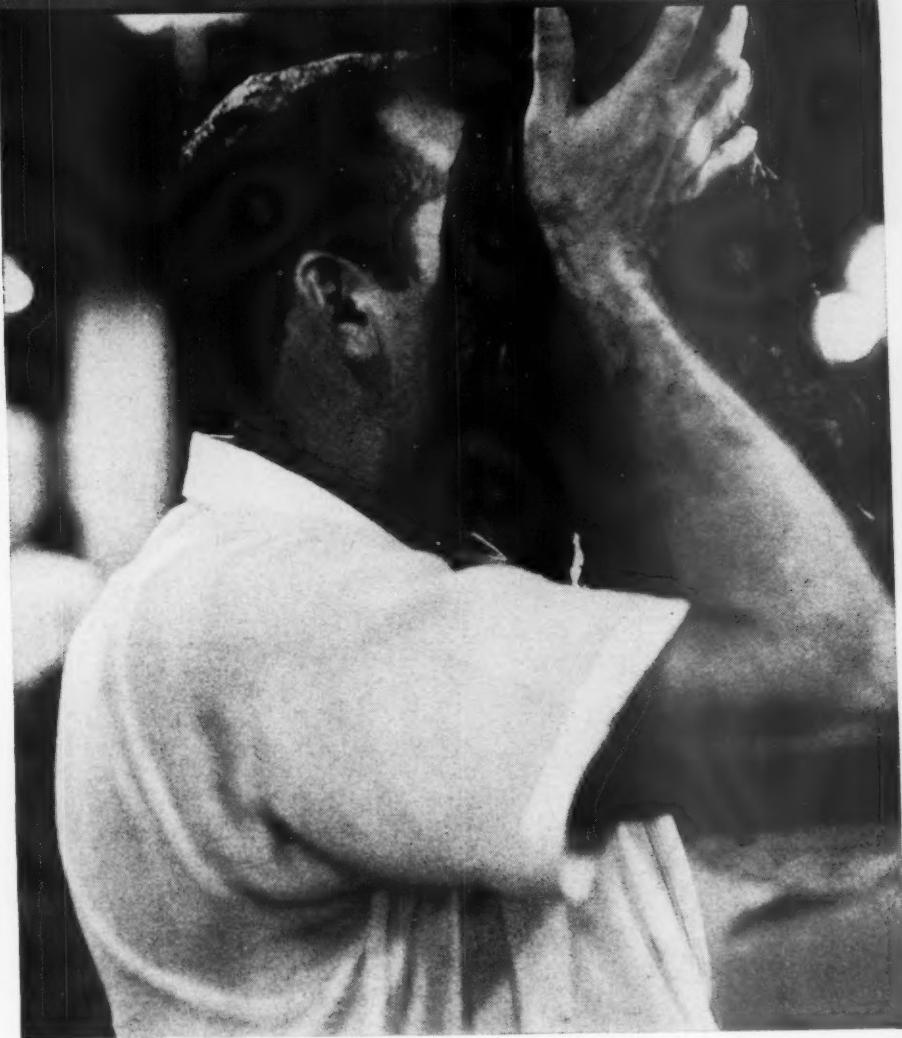
The list of major stars who don't work very often is a surprisingly long one. There's Judith Anderson—when did she last have a success? Or Katharine Cornell? Or Tallulah Bankhead, who, in more than twenty-five years in the theater, has had only three real hits.

other during the intermission. They understood then and there the joy of giving innocent pleasure. "What an extraordinary thing it is to make honest men laugh," said Molière.

And that is why they are willing to suffer frustration and disappointment and failure, and that is why young people don't listen to sane and sensible advice from sourpusses like me. They have a dream, a dream of giving pleasure. Because of that dream they are willing to live on tunafish sandwiches at Whelan's and wear out last year's shoes in the weary round from Casting Agent to Producer's Secretary.

And I say good luck to them. What would we do without them?

A SIGN PICTURE STORY • PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES LOWE



*Jose Garcia gives tobacco the "sniff test" in curing room of tobacco plant*

## Puerto Rican Worker *Jose Garcia typifies Puerto Rico's vision of a new way of life*

In a way, Jose Garcia, Puerto Rican tobacco worker and father of five, is a symbol of a new breed of Puerto Rican that is growing up with a vision of the new way of life preached and practiced by the Island's Governor Munoz Marin. Jose spent the first twenty of his thirty-five years on a farm. Then he emigrated to the mainland where he learned the skills necessary for life in an industrial society. Finally, lonesome for his homeland, he went back to Puerto Rico where the skills and attitudes he had picked up in the United States fitted him for a not unimportant role in the new Puerto Rico. "I needed Puerto Rico," says Jose, "and I've discovered that Puerto Rico needs me."

**PUERTO RICAN WORKER** continued



*the Garcias live modestly but well by Puerto Rican standards*



*Thanks to Mrs. Garcia's shrewd shopping (above), the Garcias get along nicely on Jose's seventy-five dollar salary*



*Small four-room house is barely large enough, but Mrs. Garcia still enjoys having neighbors stop in for a chat.*



*Waiting for Jose to come home for lunch, Mrs. Garcia pauses for a moment of reflection while lunch simmers on the stove.*



*Jose poses with his wife, five children, and grandparents who live with them in small rented house*

## **His Family: *On an income of seventy-five dollars a week, and even hope to send their children to college***

The pattern of Jose Garcia's life is typical of the lives of countless others in a society in transition from an agricultural economy to an industrial one. Growing up on a farm, marrying and moving to the mainland at the age of twenty-four, Jose found transition a painful process. "I did well in Chicago," he says reflectively about his five years in the U.S., "and liked it fine. I worked as a bookbinder and by the time I left, I was making ninety dollars a week. But somehow I felt strange and unwanted in a country that, you must remember, is my country, too." Returning to Puerto Rico with his wife Maria and their sons, Jose, Antonio and Damoso Enrique, Jose first worked as a clerk in San Juan. He remembers staying up all night banging away at a borrowed typewriter eagerly trying to learn how to type. Still, San Juan was not home the way Caguas, Jose's home village, could be; and when Jose heard that a new cigar factory was opening in Caguas, he immediately applied for a job and was hired—at twenty-five dollars a week. That was in 1951, and since then he has constantly moved ahead. Now he heads a department, supervising 150 people, at three times his starting pay. This decent, if not lordly, income enables the Garcias—now grown to seven—to live modestly but well by Puerto Rican standards. Jose even cherishes the dream of sending his children to college "if they are bright enough," and of owning his own home. But that will have to await a well-deserved increase in pay. Right now, he is happy that they are getting along thanks in no small measure to his wife's shrewd shopping and managing. One thing is clear: the Garcias have made the transition to a new way of life. Hope lies ahead and poverty is a distant dream that Jose once fitfully lived through.



*On Sundays, the family goes packing off to church. Jose, a parish leader, hopes to see new church built closer to home*



*Except for black mantillas on women, the Garcias could pass for a typical young American family at church—kids and all*



## PUERTO RICAN WORKER continued

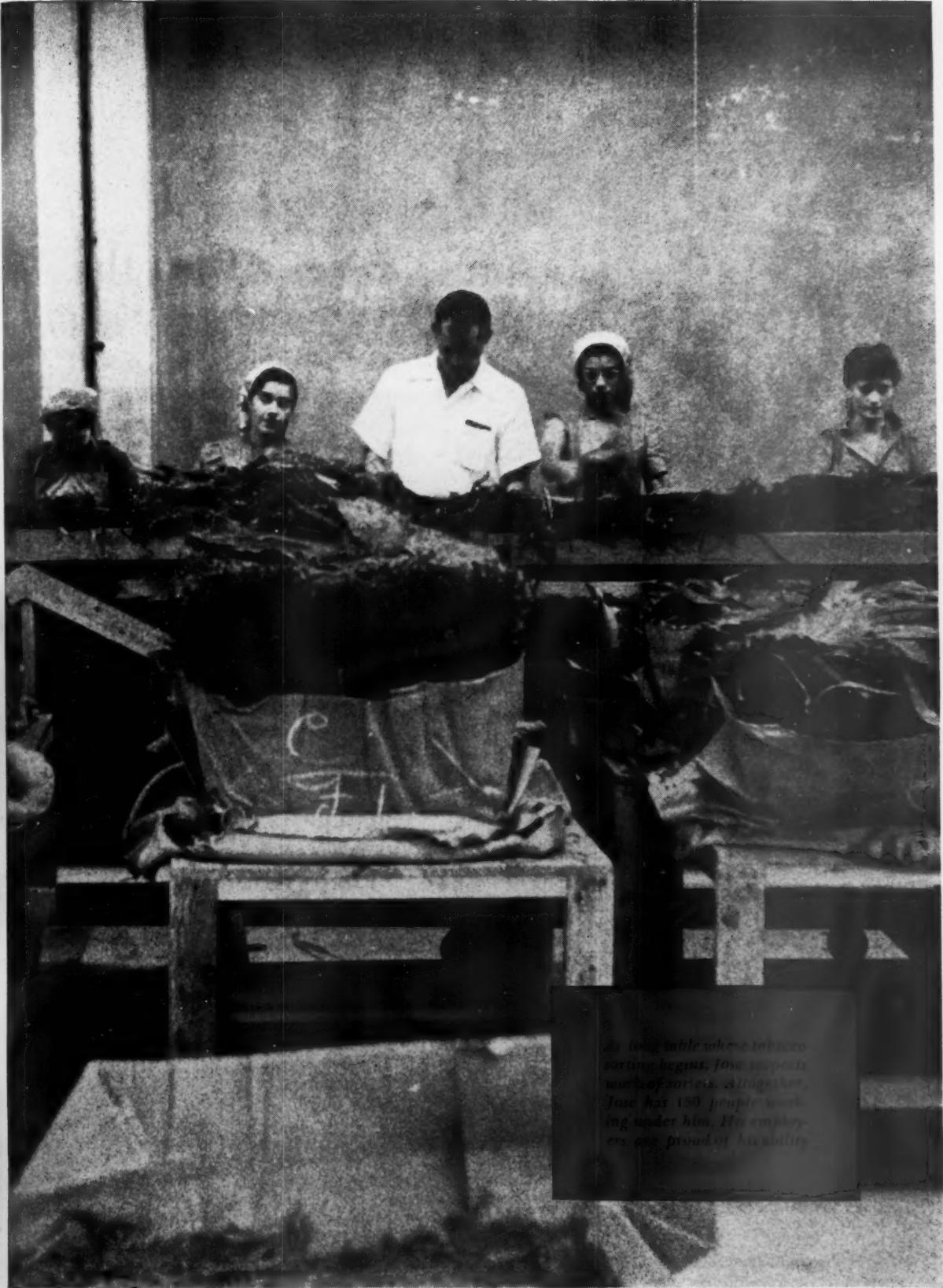
### His Job: Jose's position

*in the factory also makes him a key man in the community*

Prejudice would have it that Puerto Ricans are a lazy, shiftless lot. That they are not may be indicated by a look at a typical work day for Jose Garcia. Rising at 5:30 A.M., Jose is at his job a short walking distance away at 6:30 sharp. He goes home for lunch and returns to the plant until 6:00 P.M. His supervisory position at the plant, moreover, means that he is looked to for leadership in the community. And, like as not, Jose spends his evenings working with a community group that has just finished building a new grade school and is now plugging for a new library and a park. That he takes this leadership role seriously, perhaps even a little too seriously, is indicated by his current reading—two books called *Speech and Self-Improvement* and *How to Get Ahead in Industry and Business*. Puerto Rico's future and his own, believes Jose, are one.

*Above, Jose attends community leaders' meeting. Below, he checks on work of men in plant's sweltering steam room*





*As long as able where tobacco sorting begins, Jose inspects most of sorted. A烟aker, Jose has 150 people working under him. His employees are proud of his ability.*



**PUERTO RICAN WORKER** continued

*Jose still likes farm life, enjoys weekend visits to his brother Juan's farm*

It has been only ten years since Jose Garcia first started to make the sometimes painful transition from farm boy to factory supervisor. And though Jose is sold on the road he and many of his countrymen are taking, he has by no means lost his love for the earth. A favorite outing for him and his family on weekends when the weather is good is the trip up to Aguas Buenas where his brother Juan still works the old family farm, growing bananas, plantains, and coffee, and raising hogs and chickens. There, Jose pitches in like the good farmer he used to be, slopping the hogs, feeding the chickens, and at harvest time helping his brother bring in the fruit and coffee crop. When he retires, Jose's dream is to go back to the land on which he was reared, but a farm that is completely mechanized. Right now, he is convinced, mechanization is the only answer to the problems that once came very near to smothering Puerto Rico. The future, he knows, must be mechanized.

## The Old Ways and the New

*... still yearns for the old way of life as does his wife*



*Right, Jose "peels" coconut with machete and comes inside, above, to chat with Juan's wife*





*Juan takes Jose out  
to look over banana crop*

New though firmly convinced of the need for industrialization, Jose  
as lived on the family farm run by his brother Juan



by JOHN LESTER



Francis Michael Dunne, host of new quiz-giveaway program



Hugh O'Brian, TV's "Wyatt Earp," is wearing full-dress attire instead of western lugs these days



Davis Cunningham and Helena Scott in the "Opera Theater" version of Prokofiev's "War and Peace"

## RADIO and TELEVISION

NORMALLY, I DON'T bother with Hollywood's periodic "examinations" of an issue or a problem, even though they bear directly on TV, radio, or some phase thereof, but *The Great Man* is such a powerful motion picture, so daring in several ways, so controversial in others that some comment here is almost mandatory.

Another reason for appraising it, for whatever my appraisal may be worth, is the fact that it will probably be seen by millions who have neither the background nor the experience to evaluate properly what it says and does, at least not as much as someone engaged in broadcasting. The picture takes the public behind the scenes of a major network, for example, behind the commercially built up personality of its greatest star, and the public is entitled to know whether or not the resultant revelations are honest and fair.

But first, something about the novel of the same name by Al Morgan, from which the picture was adapted.

Morgan insists the central character of both book and film, described as "America's most beloved radio-TV humorist," was not drawn with a particular personality in mind or with the idea of discrediting anyone.

While admitting that the sensational makes a best-selling book—and a money-making motion picture—Morgan also insists his only aim in the story was an objective look at the broadcasting industry in which those diametric opposites, business and art, are forced to struggle for harmonious relationship.

Even so, the impact of the truth about *The Great Man*—"Herb Fuller"—makes

Morgan's protestations of objectivity, etc., very hard to swallow, unless the story is carefully considered as a whole and one goes below and beyond its deceptive first impression.

"Fuller" is drawn so forcefully as a brawling drunk, a debauchee, an egotist apparently incapable of gratitude, a "wrongo" in nearly every sense of the word, that it's easy to overlook the redeeming, counter-balancing good he accomplished in terms of millions of fans. It may even appear that both sides are not clearly and equally stated, but they are, and responsibility for keeping them in proper perspective lies mainly with those who see the picture.

In short, while I certainly don't hesitate to recommend *The Great Man*, especially to anyone with any degree of interest in broadcasting and its people, I do so with this qualification: neither the broadcasting industry nor those in it are all good but they most certainly aren't as bad as one might be led to believe by the first superficial glance at *The Great Man*.

The real truth of the situation is beneath this surface and is simply that broadcasting is very much like any other business and its people very much like any other people.

### Quality Quizzler

One of the best and most original quiz-giveaways to appear since *The \$64,000 Question* roared onto the TV scene is *You're On Your Own*, Saturdays at 10:30 P.M., NYT, on CBS.

Francis Michael Dunne, more familiarly known as Steve, is emcee, and a

very good one for this particular show. The personable Dunne, in addition to being a veteran of radio and TV, has also made dozens of motion pictures and will be recognized as Dean Martin's pal in *Ten Thousand Bedrooms* and a buddy of George Gobel in the latter's *I Married A Woman*.

Contestants can win up to \$25,000 on a single *You're On Your Own* program and may get help from any person or reference work, etc., anywhere. The catch is they must work against time and their prize money dwindles with each second spent finding the correct answer to a question put by Dunne.

Speed is a definite device on this program and is very cleverly applied.

Since speed also means pressure and since pressure affects different people differently, the result is considerable suspense and human interest.

### Lewis Disappoints

Jerry Lewis' recent TV outing, his first without Dean Martin, was very disappointing.

We had been told in advance that we'd see a "new" Jerry Lewis and that portions of his night club act, which is really very good, would be used. Apparently, though, several last-minute changes were made and they certainly weren't wise ones.

Instead of the "new" mature star, Jerry the Entertainer, we'd been promised, we got a grimacing, spastic Jerry using inferior material, much of it even downright silly. In fact, he appeared in his "Melvin" characterization throughout, beating his audience over the head

for laughs instead of coaxing or otherwise earning them.

Instead of the maturity of a seasoned performer who takes his audience seriously, himself not at all seriously, the star demonstrated an attitude of self-importance with definite overtones of pomposity. In addition, the spectacle of this basically diversified and clever young man clearly imitating Milton Berle and Al Jolson, whether consciously or not isn't the point, neither added to his stature as an entertainer nor helped his show.

This injury was compounded into insult when he imposed three personal commercials on viewers, two involving magazines, one a theater appearance.

Although I am convinced Jerry is capable of succeeding without Dean Martin, he needed the handsome singer-straight man on this particular show more than he ever did. The calmer, more sober Dean would have supplied the warmth, dignity, and contrast that helped make the team of Martin and Lewis so attractive for ten years.

#### O'Brian Expands

Just as it should be interesting to watch Jerry's development on TV, it should also be interesting to watch Hugh O'Brian for the next few months.

The star of ABC-TV's *Wyatt Earp* series combines an astute business sense with acting talent, which is fairly uncommon in the profession. His artistic side is well known already and largely responsible for the success of this grand-

daddy of "adult" westerns. The other side of the tall, slim, square-jawed O'Brian will soon be equally well known because he's branching out in several directions.

O'Brian waited until his first TV series was solidly established before launching himself as a singer, a glamour-guest on big name variety shows (right down to white tie and tails), a campaigner in the interest of firearms safety, and the owner-star of a traveling wild west show.

The star is particularly enthusiastic about the latter, has tried to make it the biggest and best attraction of its kind, and results to date of his current national tour indicate he has succeeded.

In the show, O'Brian makes his debut as a singer, gives exhibitions of his "quick draw" and sharp-shooting techniques, engages in a bar-room brawl designed as a finale to end all finales, then spends another hour or so shaking hands with the customers on the way out.

Laurie Anders, the "wide-open-spaces" girl of Ken Murray's old CBS-TV variety hour, is featured in comedy bits.

As for Hugh's glamour-guesting, TV viewers got their first glimpse of him in elegant white tie, etc., at President Eisenhower's Inaugural Ball. His first such appearance for pay, however, is scheduled for *The Ed Sullivan Show* in the very near future. A few days after the Sullivan appearance, again in white tie and tails, he'll be seen on the premiere of Frances Langford's new variety

series as her singing-dancing guest, with Bob Hope and Jerry Colonna in tow.

*Wyatt Earp* tags will replace full dress when O'Brian launches the national firearms safety campaign in a few weeks, making hundreds of appearances in all parts of the country to show how lives can be saved and injuries avoided through a greater knowledge and understanding of guns of all kinds.

This campaign will be a very big thing, by the way, although no further details may be revealed at this time. There's a genuine need for such a campaign, too, and has been for years but the right man to head it couldn't be found—a man who can talk and handle guns convincingly and who was available.

It was also necessary that this man be a well-known personality and, if possible, a western star.

O'Brian fills all of these requirements, really knows guns, and can do amazing things with them as millions will soon see.

#### Words Not Enough

As this went to press, it wasn't possible to preview the NBC-TV *Opera Theater*'s Feb. 10 production of Stanley Hollingworth's *La Grande Bretèche*. Even so, on the strength of past productions by this splendid group, I was willing to concede it would be on a par with the others, sight unseen and manuscript unread.

This is no concession on my part, nor would it be on anyone's, I think, because the *Opera Theater* has followed one

HOUSEHOLD PET—Lauren Chapin, littlest "Anderson" in the popular "Father Knows Best," is a favorite with many families besides her own TV family



TRIPLE-THREAT MAN—  
Dick Powell, first big-name crooner to switch to heavy drama, has done it again. His "Zane Grey Theater" is a substantial success



NEW EMCEE—George Skinner, new moderator of "Make Up Your Mind," ABC radio quiz which pits name panelists and guests against everyday problems



MILESTONE—Dave Garroway watches as J. Fred Muggs decorates "Today's" 5th birthday cake. Program has made many major TV innovations

triumph with another since its organization about seven years ago.

Before *La Grande Breteche*, it presented a two-and-a-half hour version of Prokofiev's *War and Peace*, which was based upon the monumental Tolstoi novel of that name.

This was undoubtedly *The Theater's* most ambitious production to date as well as its biggest and best in many ways.

As far as I know, it was also the biggest live production of any kind in TV's history. In terms of cultural achievement, musical significance, the magnitude and variety of set, cast, and costumes, it practically defies description.

Unfortunately, many viewers were unable to see it for one reason or another, while others merely did not choose to. Among those who did watch it were some who didn't particularly care for it, which is entirely a matter of opinion and must be respected.

However, I noticed that those who liked it, and they were in the vast majority, were extravagant in their praise, the consensus being that *War and Peace* has absolutely everything and that NBC's *Opera Theater* gave it everything it required.

I certainly agree wholeheartedly and only hope those who complain so bitterly of TV's lack of maturity were able to see this production and think about it afterward.

#### New Shows

*Johnny Mayflower*, another new series, will deal with a youngster who stowed away on the ship that brought the Pilgrims to our shores. A replica of *The Mayflower* is being built for the program and is scheduled to sail from England to Plymouth, Mass., sometime in April to gather a few publicity rosebuds in advance.

*Make Me Laugh*, the comedy idea introduced on the defunct Walter Winchell variety series, created so much favorable reaction it will get a weekly, 30-minute spot on one of the TV networks soon. Rotating comics will be used as before. Credit for the idea goes to Perry Como's writers.

*The Mark Hellinger Theater*, due to bow any day, certainly looks good on paper. Its producers have rights to over 5000 of the late columnist's stories, each of which will feature a top musical name. Nat King Cole, Peggy Lee, and Julie London are among those already signed.

The next science-fiction favorite of the younger set will probably be *Captain Zoom*, although they may find the hero of *The Phantom* even more appealing. This character will wear a mask

and costume similar to the Navy's famous "frog men."

*Johnny Dollar*, the popular radio feature, is being readied for TV by CBS.

*Dr. Mike* will stress the dramatic human relationship among doctors, nurses, and patients in a large metropolitan hospital. This is the first series of its kind to be endorsed by the American Medical Association. Keith Andes will star.

*Timber* will deal with the modern logging industry; *Twenty-Six Men*, with the history and adventures of the Arizona Rangers. *Now Hear This* will tell the story of Naval Air Cadets in training; *The Silent Service* will be based on dramatic experiences of the men in crafts of the Navy's submarine branch, and no less than three "undersea adventure" series are also in preparation.

Three American classics and all-time best sellers will be adapted to TV: *Ramona*, *Hiawatha*, and *The Last of the Mohicans*.

#### In Brief

*Tom Swift* and *Tom Swift, Jr.* filmed series are in the works. This is inevitable. . . . Remember Kefauver's "Senate Crime Investigating Committee" that gave us so much highly dramatic TV, some of which hasn't been equaled to this day? Well, a similar series is on the way and Sen. John McClellan, of Arkansas, will pop the questions this time. . . . Love singer Steve Lawrence's idea for housewives who can't tear themselves away from TV: a frying pan with a 20-foot handle! . . . Many shows are getting knocked off

TV these days, some, like the costly *Most Beautiful Girl in the World*, even before they get on-camera. A check shows more than 60 per cent are failing to make the grade, a figure that's expected to climb as competition increases this year! . . . A pilot film on a *Robinson Crusoe* series going the agency rounds. . . . George Gobel has another book in mind, *Gobelisms*, a title that describes its contents in advance. . . . Frances Langford returning to TV with a regular show. Her last, a daily variety hour on ABC about six years ago, wasn't so good.

Plans to do a spectacular around the career of singer Gene Austin have been revived. Austin, a tremendous star in the 20's, is probably best known for the song *My Blue Heaven*, although he wrote and sang many others that became hits. . . . There's a battle on to eliminate the "equal time" provisions of the Communications Act that pertain to politicians and politics. . . . More than 60 per cent of the farm homes in this country now have TV, in case you wondered. Progress has been slow because special aerials are needed in nearly every case and these are expensive. . . . Nat King Cole's success on TV has Hollywood considering him for the title role in a W. C. Handy film-biography. . . . *Medic*, an award-winner its first season, later took such a beating from *I Love Lucy* it was forced out of business. But it's being filmed again and, this time, will be slotted opposite *Phil Silvers' You'll Never Get Rich*. How's that for luck? . . . Word is Jackie Gleason and Billy Rose are discussing a production-partnership in a Broadway play. . . .

Radio-Electronic-TV Manufacturers' Assn. figures show Americans spent nearly \$5 billion on new TV sets, replacement parts, and repairs for old sets during 1956! I wonder how that compares with figures in Russia, "the people's paradise?" . . . Are you ready? Oil has been discovered on the production site purchased by Screen Gems for its *Bengal Lancers* series. . . . Marion Marlowe, who has been doing TV guest shots, night clubs, and theaters since leaving Arthur Godfrey last spring, has canceled all engagements for the next six months to study acting. She "would like to be an actress who sings rather than a singer who speaks lines." An Elvis Presley radio due on the market soon. . . . A top novelist and TV writer recently claimed the sight medium has "devoured 5,000 years of literature in a single decade." Don't believe it. He also implied TV is running seriously short of material. Don't believe that, either. . . .



"COCHISE" & FRIEND—"Broken Arrow" series is bringing recognition to great Apache formerly overshadowed by renegade brother "Geronimo."

## **Judas, the Apostle**

**by KILIAN McDONNELL, O.S.B.**



What is attempted here is a matter of justice. A man was guilty of a great sin—a sin so great that the whole universe revolted at its enormity. There was darkness over the earth because a man had been untrue to his Friend. There is no arguing about the greatness of Judas' sin. This man was a betrayer. Before all that is good, noble, creaturely, he stands condemned. And out of his own mouth he speaks condemnation: "I have sinned in betraying innocent blood."

There is question here not of Judas's guilt. That is patent. The question is rather, "Was there no good in Judas?" Or "Was Judas evil from the beginning?" If it is a matter of justice to bring evil to light, it is also a matter of justice to recognize goodness. Even Judas has his rights.

Since light is seen clearest in the dark of night, we will examine what goodness we can find in Judas against the background of evil that was in him. St. John says, "He was a thief." Not a great robber, but a penny thief. Being a practical man, he had been entrusted with the purse out of which the twelve and Our Lord lived. He might be called the purchasing agent for the apostolic college. The amount in the purse can never have been very great, and therefore the sum Judas stole from it must have been small. Judas the Apostle was a petty thief. There must be small betrayals before a big betrayal.

Judas was a practical man. He knew the signs of the times, and he knew when to act to his own advantage. The last preaching tour, in marked contrast to the earlier tours, had met with meager success. There was little Judas could hope to gain from remaining with a prophet of uncertain merit, a prophet who had spoken His simplicities and had not been heard. In the beginning, Judas thought, there had been hope for great things. Miracles had been worked. He had seen them with his own eyes.

There was promise in the prophet, but as the months went by and Jesus

set His footsteps steadfastly toward Jerusalem and death, it became apparent to Judas that what was promised was too shadowy, too remote, for his tastes. A practical man must save himself and enrich himself in the process. Silver in the hand is more substantial than promises from the lips of one whose kingdom is not of this world. On his own initiative Judas went to the chief priests and said, "What will you pay me for handing him over to you?"

Often it is the particular manner in which men do evil rather than the evil itself which reveals the essential magnitude of their malice. Manner has a way of laying bare the clear lines which define an evil too great and too deep to be seen in the sinful act itself.

In two incidents the manner of Judas' betrayal reveals the greatness of his sin. When Our Lord announced at the Last Supper, "One of you will betray me," the Apostles, each fearful that he might be the guilty person, asked, "Lord, is it I?" In the midst of the confusion Judas asked, "Lord, is it I?" Here is a man who is sure of himself. Here is that self-possession which maintains all the civilities and deference while it destroys.

The other incident is the kiss in the Garden of Gethsemani. Not only sanctity reaches perfection, but also malice. There is a kind of inverted perfection, a refinement in evil, about the kiss with which Judas betrayed his Master. In the choice of a kiss there is a delicacy which only a perverted sense of propriety would discover and use. Still the soul of self-possession, the man of courtesy, the Apostle walked "straight up to Jesus" and kissed him.

This is the Judas we know. But was there no good in Judas? Was the traitor evil from the beginning?

Without attempting to dispel "the mystery of iniquity" which surrounds Judas, it must be said that in the beginning he was a devoted Apostle. He followed Our Lord because he loved Him and believed in Him.

Judas was an organizer with a re-

served graciousness. He had been placed in charge of the common purse because he was efficient without being offensive. Judas had won the respect of the other Apostles, and even when he left the Last Supper after Christ announced that there was a traitor in their midst, no one suspected him.

A man is judged by his loves. What did Judas love? There is, undoubtedly, his love of money. But there is more danger of overestimating Judas' rapacity than of underestimating it. A true miser is grasping, which Judas certainly was. However, a true miser, come what may, would not return the money, would not throw the money away, and would not hang himself in despair. On the strength of Judas' repentance and the violence with which he threw the money on the temple floor, we are forced to conclude that Judas had another love: Jesus Christ.

Judas had loved his Friend and Master and had been loved in return. They had lived together for three years, and, as Christ reminded Judas, they had broken bread together. Though Judas would violate the bond of love between them, its existence can hardly be denied. By his betrayal he attempted to destroy that love. He was to find out that his love for Christ was stronger than he suspected. After he repented of his betrayal he committed a far greater crime. He would not believe in Christ's love for him, in His willingness to forgive. Judas drew lines and said: "Beyond this point Christ's love cannot go. This Christ cannot do." Not to believe in Christ's love was the ultimate betrayal.

We tend to put Judas in a class by himself, and this is to do him an injustice. Without belittling the greatness of his sin, our own great betrayals must be recognized as not unsimilar to his. But in this we differ. We believe Christ can do all things. Christ can love the sinner and forgive. The Christian life is an attempt to be worthy of the love we have once, many times betrayed.

*My grandmother taught me*



*beauty came from the*

# *Eye of the Beholder*

I WAS not pretty like the others (my grandmother told us) and beauty, even in those far days in the little parish beside the St. Lawrence, was worn proudly like a corsage of roses. Sometimes when I looked into the mirror and saw the nose that was too long and the hair that was too straight so that I had to wear it in a bun at my neck, I would throw myself on the bed and weep for it is a thing of anguish to be young and not know loveliness, and not to realize that roses fade in the end.

On Friday nights, when the family went to the village with the other farmers to sell their vegetables in the market, my heart would not pirouette with the excitement of my sisters and brothers.

While the people came and went, rubbing tomatoes along their cheeks to test the ripeness and speaking of the times and



*by Robert Cormier*

*Licker*

conditions, my sisters and brothers and the Charland twins and the Luciers from the farm next to ours would gather at the pier to await the excursion boat from Montreal. They would flirt in the half-shadows and their laughter would run silver in the night. I would remain in the stall and my father would say: "It makes no difference, Emma. You are a good girl and the best cook, outside of your mother, in St. Louis. There will be time, there will be time . . ." measuring out the words like medicine but a medicine that could not cure.

The weddings, of course, were the loneliest times of all, despite the gaiety and the music of the piano and violin and the leader calling the quadrilles. I remember those old weddings when I watched the brides with envy, thinking . . . I will be beautiful on my wedding day for brides are always beautiful.

The girls married in their early blossoming and someone like myself would mark the passing of time by the weddings. And, yet, there was a compensation in it all. As my older sisters and brothers found husbands and wives, I found myself a strange thing called an aunt and I loved the children, the eyes that laughed into mine and the moist kisses on the cheek. And they did not care if a nose was too large or hair too straight.

So I would busy myself with the nephews and nieces and with cooking on the black stove in the kitchen, making *tourtierre* that my father said was good for a king although it was only a meat pie with secret things added . . . becoming accustomed after a time not to unhappiness but the absence of ecstasy.

And then the magic letter.

My Uncle Calixte, who had journeyed to the small town in New England years before, wrote often to my father who was his brother, but this letter contained an invitation. "Why not send one of the girls to spend the summer?"

The letter turned the house into Christmas in June. Louise and Rosanna and Harriette overflowed with joy. I secretly wished that Louise might be chosen, for the others had gone to Montreal one summer to visit my Uncle Theophile. And I whispered to Louise later that I would let her take my new suit to wear, for we were the same size although she was the youngest.

But later that night after we finished moving into the summer kitchen in the rear of the house in anticipation of the hot days ahead, my father knocked his pipe against the spittoon and said: "Eh bien, it's all arranged. I have spoken to your mother and it is Emma who is going . . ."

I did not believe my ears, although

my father's word was never challenged, and a pang of pity for Louise rose in me . . . and, two weeks later, I still could not believe it even when the trained wheezed into the small depot and my good, fat Uncle Calixte panted up to the car.

"I am so glad your father let you come, Emma," he said. "I was hoping it would be you so I could eat some of your *tourtierre*."

Those weeks. The laughter and the excitement, the feeling sometime that I had just awakened from a sleep, and the colors. Somehow, in my eyes, the color of the trees and the three-story tenement houses were more vivid than anything I had seen. There was also the magic of a new language but never an embarrassment of tongue, for the people from Canada had settled in one section of the town and they spoke the old language among themselves.

There were the band concerts in the park at the town square and much talk of a game called baseball and a horseshoe contest in the neighborhood and a wedding every week, and the boys paid me much attention because I was a visitor who must be treated with politeness, but I would pretend that it was because I was beautiful.

On those summer evenings, we walked to the empty lot near Pelletier's Meat Market where the horseshoe tournament was in progress and two or three of the children would accompany me. My good, fat Uncle Calixte would tease me.

"There are always children near you, Emma," he would say. "You should find a young man and raise a dozen of your own . . ."

My Uncle Calixte participated in the contest and there was great excitement about "ringers," a word that I found very droll. And one night there was greater excitement because a fellow everyone called "P'tit Jean" had returned from a vacation to Canada and he was the neighborhood champion.

At last "P'tit Jean" arrived and I was puzzled, for his nickname meant "Little John" but he was more than six feet tall and all muscle and bone, with shoulders that seemed wide as a doorway and a big, red, laughing face. He stood like a giant among the other men, talking easily, laughing much, and everyone joined in the laughter. My uncle's fat body quivered merrily with laughter and he told me: "He's a firecracker, that one, the funniest fellow alive . . ."

Jean threw three ringers with many side comments on matters in the world and in the states that I could not understand. There was much merriment and I could feel a glow surrounding the group in the empty lot. Then, sud-

denly, he lifted his hand, a horseshoe held high, and bowed in my direction.

"To the lovely visitor from Canada, I dedicate this ringer . . ."

I could feel the scarlet in my face as the onlookers joked and laughed. And he threw the horseshoe and, although it hit the post, it fell beside it. No ringer.

We left soon afterward for the children had grown restive, and on the way back to the house my uncle joked with me about Jean's salutation but my face grew hot again and I pretended to be busy with the children. I felt a curious sadness, too, wondering if Jean had been showing only politeness for a visitor.

Many nights were spent at the tournament, for the Spruce Street team were contesting the Elm Street team and we of the Spruce Street people were fiery in our enthusiasm. Jean was always there, throwing the horseshoes, joking with the other men who listened to him happily, making the ringers. One night, I turned suddenly and found myself staring into his eyes and there was no laughter in them.

Later, he came over to where I sat and talked to my uncle and shifted his feet and played with the children, keeping his eyes averted from me. And my uncle, who is sometimes unmindful of the proprieties, forgot to introduce us.

I counted the vacation by the evenings at the horseshoe lot and soon the tournament neared the climax for the grand championship and the end of my days in the states came into view. On that last night, there was the final contest and a dance later at St. Jean Baptiste Hall. We gathered early in a mood of holiday. Before the contest, my uncle went to Jean and told him: "We are counting on you, Jean, to win for us. The honor of Spruce Street must be upheld."

The game began and we cheered the teams and Jean was the best of them all until . . . until the end when one more ringer was necessary to win. He paused before throwing the horseshoe, measuring the distance with his eye and silence fell over the crowd. A ringer would win; anything less would lose the tournament for the neighborhood.

He threw the horseshoe and our eyes followed it as it arched through the air. It struck the post and whirled three times and then fell beside it. My uncle banged his knee with his hand.

"We lose again," he said. "That's P'tit Jean. He never wins when it counts . . ."

I watched Jean threading his way through the crowd, leaving quietly while the winning team gloried in the victory, and I wanted to comfort him.

The dance, however, was festive that night despite the loss. There were the

music and the quadrilles and the old songs to be sung, and I found myself searching for Jean in the crowd, telling myself that it was foolish, that it was too late, that I was leaving the next day, and that he perhaps did not even know my name.

But I was startled suddenly when I heard my name spoken.

"Emma," I turned and saw him standing there.

"Would you care to dance with the man who lost the championship for Spruce Street?"

And I found myself in his arms, whirling on the floor, looking up at him, so tall, so big. My arm trembled on his shoulder. My feet barely touched the floor and I seemed to be floating. There was a comfort in being in his arms, as if, no matter what happened, he would be there always.

When the music stopped, we returned to the end of the hall and he bought me a cup of punch. His eyes avoided mine.

"I am glad we danced although I kicked you once or twice . . ."

"I felt nothing," I replied. But at that moment I could feel my heart.

"I am not much for dancing," he said, "or for horseshoes either when there is a prize to be won . . ."

The piano and the violin struck a chord but we stood there, sipping the punch, looking into each other's eyes.

"You are leaving tomorrow?" he asked, quietly.

"Yes," I answered.

"You come from St. Louis, your uncle says. My folks come from St. Etienne, only a few miles away. Strange how small the world is . . ."

We were interrupted then for someone pulled on Jean's arm and others crowded about and insisted that he sing one of the old songs. He looked at me helplessly across a throng of faces and he was borne away with them to the little stage and led the assembly in a version of "Alouette." We all answered the choruses, laughing while we sang, for his voice was loud and vibrant and filled with joy. And, once more, there was the same warmth in the room as at the horseshoe tournament and I felt a lifting of the spirits, too, for I knew that I would have, at the least, a memory of a dance. As the song ended, one of my cousins asked me to dance and, although I searched with my eyes for the rest of the evening, I did not see Jean.

The next morning after the eight o'clock Mass, my good, fat Uncle Calixte took me to the depot. "The children will miss you, Emma," he said, "and myself, too." But there was a twinkle in his eyes.

## PIGEONS

by VIRGINIA EARLE

*Pigeons are curved on the wing or in the alighting;  
they are stiff as zinnias on the ground, they walk short-legged  
and mutter to themselves.*

*Their feet are raw and pink  
and leave little trident prints in the soft dust;  
they are a rainbow in gray, with here and there a brown outrider,  
and their throats are what sequins would be if sequins were feathers.*

I could not put into words how I would miss them all, especially the one whom I could not mention to my uncle. As we walked along, I saw my reflection in the window of a dress store and I thought, in anguish, if I were beautiful Jean would not have left me after he sang last night.

"Poor Jean," my uncle said.

I stopped walking in surprise. "What did you say?"

He shook his head, dolefully.

"Poor Jean," he said. "He's sick, sick with love. He came to see me last night while the dance was going on . . ."

"Uncle Calixte," I said. "Why do you wait until this moment when we are going to the depot to tell me?"

He looked at me, puzzled.

"But I thought you did not care for him. You have never mentioned his name. And Jean was so full of sadness. He said he could never hope to have you love him because he's so fat and he kicked you when he danced with you and he lost the championship and after he sang you went off dancing with somebody else . . ."

And suddenly it was all clear to me. I stood there for a moment, pondering.

"Uncle, where does Jean live?"

He replied, automatically: "Around the corner in the big gray house . . ." Then his eyes opened wide. "But Emma you cannot go there. It isn't done, not even in the states . . ."

But I had already left him, left him standing there with my suitcases, and had begun running, my heels clicking on the sidewalk. "First floor," he called after me. And as I ran I realized that both Jean and I had been wrong. I saw suddenly that he had seen himself in the way I had seen myself, thinking always of the things we did not have. He saw himself as big and fat when in reality he was big and manly. He had never seen that something like that

did not matter, even losing the tournament. What mattered was that he made people happy whenever he was near and he gave a warmth to places that he visited and whether he was big or small was not important.

My thoughts broke off, however, for I had turned the corner and, standing on the steps of a gray house, was Jean. And warmth again flooded my heart for he saw me and came to meet me.

Suddenly, I was in his arms, lost in his embrace, and he murmured my name over and over and the long years of loneliness did not matter.

"You are not big and fat," I told him. "Not to me. Never say that again . . ."

He laughed and it boomed golden on the Sunday air.

"And this nose of mine," I said, "and this straight hair. I thought that you could never want me . . ."

He looked down, frowning.

"Nose?" he asked. "Hair? I never saw those things . . ." With wonder in his voice. "I only knew that you were the loveliest woman in the world that first night I saw you with the children near you and the soft look in your eyes and the way you held your head with . . ." he searched the word, "with grace . . ."

I did not know whether to laugh or cry and as he kissed me, unmindful of the Sunday morning people going to church, I closed my eyes and thought: how foolish we are to long for beauty, the beauty of face and figure, when love comes first and beauty follows after.

And to this day (my grandmother said, listening to the golden wedding music from the other end of the hall) although fifty years have passed, he still calls me lovely in a tender moment and I see the warmth and goodness that is part of him in each of all my children and you, my grandchildren, and I am content, content.



## AFRICAN STATESMAN

*Houphouet, a fifty-one-year-old Catholic leader of the African Democratic Rally, is a political giant throughout French Black Africa, a territory thirteen times the size of France. He is a man of remarkable and unique talents and personal traits*

by Robert Rigby

THE MAYOR OF SÉGOU, a sleepy bush town in the torrid Sudan territory of French West Africa, is a walking museum-piece. There's nothing peculiar about him as an individual, however. It's only the fact that he, a white colonial, should today be a mayor in French "Black" Africa, those vast territories filling the Atlantic bulge of the Dark Continent. In by gone days it was common enough, but no more.

From the big port of Dakar southward to Brazzaville, 2500 miles away on the Congo River, the political picture in French Black Africa has changed color in recent years. African mayors, elected by universal suffrage, sit at the head of municipal councils and exercise full powers. And three out of four boast the same party-tag—"R.D.A." *Rassemblement Démocratique Africain* (African Democratic Rally).

Undisputed leader of the R.D.A. Party is a slim, fifty-one-year-old African Catholic with the tongue-twisting name of Félix Houphouet-Boigny (inevitably reduced, for convenience, to a simple "Houphouet"). Though a native of the rich but relatively small Ivory Coast territory, he is today a political giant throughout French Black Africa, an enormous area thirteen times the size of France and almost as big as the United States itself.

Soft-spoken, likable, Houphouet is a curious bundle of contradictions. Though a politician of natural gifts, he is a doctor by training and early experience, having entered politics a scant ten years ago. A Catholic from early youth, he nonetheless derives his political strength from a population that is 98 per cent animist (primitive spirit-worship) and Mohammedan.

Though caught up in hectic pell-mell of politics, he shows a strong bent for reflective life, makes a practice of rising every morning at four o'clock to meditate before starting his workday. And though a well-to-do coffee planter, he refuses to drink a drop of it. The reason for this is remarkable and indicates the stamp of the man.

Houphouet, who is married and the father of three children, is a person who keeps a tight rein on himself. Since youth he has indeed practiced an unusual rule of asceticism. It calls for his giving up, every year and for good and all, something he's particularly fond of. Thus, over the years, he's renounced coffee, alcohol, certain foods, movies and other pleasures.

His party, which he founded a decade ago, is much less tightly organized than Houphouet himself. The only mass p-

political organization in a huge area, the R.D.A. is more of a loosely knit popular movement than a party. "The R.D.A.," Houphouet often says, "is the mirror in which every African of good will can see his image."

It's a mirror that obviously suits a good many of them today. Primitive Bantu tribesmen, believers in black magic and users of stone age tools, can see their image in it. So also can the educated, modern-minded élite of the booming coastal cities. And, sign of the times, quite a few French colonists now support the R.D.A., even run on its ticket for local elective offices and not infrequently get elected—by black votes—to posts as municipal councilors.

But the R.D.A. remains an essentially African party. And it is about the sole link in a territory that is not only of great size but incredible diversity.

The 25 million inhabitants of French Black Africa are split up among a thousand tribes, some of them bitter tradi-

The first African ever named a full Minister in France, Houphouet has been given a tough job: spelling out the constitutional framework for a revised French Union, the postwar name for France's overseas territories. His aim: to build a lasting partnership between France and Black Africa. On an equal footing—and before it's too late.

This challenge suits Houphouet to a T. He is not at all a fanatic who believes in nationalism for nationalism's sake, as a lightning cure-all for the ills of colonial peoples. Though he is working resolutely toward the day of Black Africa's self-government, he is convinced that it cannot come overnight.

The region first needs economic development Houphouet feels, on a vastly stepped-up scale. Simultaneously, a much wider education program must be set up to produce the responsible citizenry and public servants basic to a democracy. Without these props—economic stability and civic responsibility—Black Africa,

despite his age, was next in line and became the titular head of the big tribal family, responsible for keeping peace among its members.

After primary schooling in his village, the young chief went to a nearby town for further studies. The French district officer there took a liking to the grave youngster and gave him the run of his private library. Reading was to open his eyes to the world outside his immediate Ivory Coast surroundings. But it's a question whether he would have ever become anything more than an educated tribal chief if it had not been for a fortunate misfortune. Bees, not books, were the cause.

Accustomed to getting up at dawn to read in quiet, Felix was deep in a book one morning when a bee-swarm buzzed through the open window and lit on his head. Painfully stung, his face swollen beyond recognition, the boy was sent for treatment to the local mission of the *Pères Blancs*, the "White Fathers,"



*Opposite page: Houphouet aims at building a partnership between France and French Black Africa in a spirit of racial fraternity*

*Left: As first African to become a French Cabinet Minister, Houphouet is given a tumultuous reception on his return home*

tional enemies. Six hundred different tongues are spoken in the area, most of them mutually unintelligible.

Almost all tribes in the interior cling to their ancestral form of spirit-worship. A handful of the most primitive groups still practice a secondary cult, which, though outlawed, still crops up now and then. But rarely with so much publicity as on an occasion six years ago:

One of the two Ivory Coast representatives in the French Senate had come back from Paris to stand for re-election. He looked like a shoo-in for another term, but something unforeseen happened. While campaigning through the wild back-country, he mysteriously disappeared, without a trace. Some while afterward, the reason came to light: the honorable Senator, enticingly fattened up by Paris cooking, had been wolfed down by cannibal constituents.

says the R.D.A. leader, could quickly fall into chaos and become a natural for Communism.

France, in Houphouet's view, is thus vitally necessary to Black Africa at its present stage of development. It can provide the steady influence for Africa's first steps on the road to nationhood. But the relationship need not stop at the end of that road. A permanent partnership, a federation for mutual benefit based on equality and racial fraternity, can also evolve.

Houphouet was barely five years old when he inherited the chieftaincy of the Akwe tribe. Not from his father, however, but from his mother. The Akwe chieftaincy, as is common through much of Black Africa, descends through the female line, although it is always a man who holds the position. When the previous chief died in 1910, young Felix,

known as much for their kindness and church-building energy as for their characteristic full beards.

Cared for and befriended by the fathers, the Akwe boy-chief thus began an association that later resulted in his conversion from the spirit-worship of his ancestors to the Catholic faith. He also decided that being a chief would not be enough for him; he would become a doctor, too.

Delegating his tribal powers to a younger brother, Houphouet set off for Dakar, capital of French West Africa, and plunged into pre-med studies. In 1925 he graduated from medical school, first in his class, and entered the Ivory Coast medical service. Fifteen years later, however, his brother's death obliged him to return to the village to resume the powers of chief.

In June of that same year—1940—

**ROBERT RIGBY**, free-lance newspaperman and former United Press Correspondent, has written articles for Maclean's as well as This Week and other Sunday magazines.

France fell before Hitler's armies. From the London radio came the voice of General De Gaulle, making a dramatic appeal to France's overseas possessions to continue the fight alongside Britain. A few weeks later, a momentous event was to take place in Black Africa, one which has shaped the destiny of the region ever since.

Many high French officials in Africa, after hearing De Gaulle's impassioned appeal, preferred to play a waiting game. Others openly sided with the Vichy government collaborating with the German conquerors. But one high-placed French official in Africa thought differently—and acted.

Félix Eboué, Governor of the Chad territory, a region twice the size of Texas, raised the Free French flag over his capital, Fort Lamy, south of the Sahara. Eboué's decision was full of risks, personal as well as military.

The Chad had only a handful of soldiers; in neighboring Libya there were four hostile Italian divisions. Eboué himself knew he would be condemned to death, *in absentia*, by the Vichy government for his action. That didn't faze him personally, but he couldn't help fearing for the safety of his children, who were going to school in Occupied France.

Fortunately for the free world, Eboué acted according to his conscience. It made a lot of difference. Fort Lamy was situated at the crossroads of Africa. For

a considerable time, while the Mediterranean was too dangerous for Allied shipping, the air route via Fort Lamy was the only safe way to move high-priority cargo and personnel from America and Britain to the Middle East, and even to the Far East.

For the cause of Free France, Eboué's action was no less important. Fired by the Chad's example, other overseas territories rallied, one by one, to De Gaulle's Cross of Lorraine.

The name of Félix Eboué, "First Resistance Fighter of Africa," was entered on a page of French history. And in the years to follow, no one was likely to forget that the man who had set such a patriotic example for all France was not himself a native-born Frenchman. Born in French Guiana in the New World, Eboué was an "overseas son" of France and a Negro.

When the tide of World War II had changed, Fighting French officials held a historic meeting in 1944 at Brazzaville, capital of Equatorial Africa, where Eboué was then Governor-General. Their purpose: to transform the status of France's empire and instill a new spirit.

The Brazzaville recommendations were incorporated a few years later into the preamble of the constitution establishing France's Fourth Republic. The spirit expressed there was unquestionably new: "France shall form with the peoples of her overseas territories a Union based upon equality of rights and privileges, without distinction as to race or religion."

Overseas peoples received French citizenship. For the first time they could vote and send representatives to sit in



**Hounhouet casts his vote.  
His party is sure to win**

the French Parliament, with powers equal to those of a deputy from Lyons or Marsilles. When the Ivory Coast elected its first deputies to the National Assembly in 1946, Hounhouet, the physician-chief of Yamoussoukro, was one of them. About the same time, eager to have an organized popular following behind him, he set to work laying the foundations of the R.D.A.

Hounhouet has done a good job. He has shepherded a bill through Parliament outlawing forced labor in overseas territories, encouraged student exchange programs within the French Union, and played a leading part in introducing more local government in Black Africa, more economic development in the mineral-rich Sahara.

Yet some French politicians remain skeptical of Hounhouet. They claim that in coming years he will ask for steadily mounting concessions of French "sugar"—capital investment and state grants—for Black Africa. Then one fine day, these skeptics say, Hounhouet will kick over the apple-cart, announce the end of federation with France, and declare total independence.

Not so, retorts Hounhouet. Black Africa is too diverse, too primitive. The overwhelming majority of the population have still to begin the long climb from a tribal world to the twentieth century. They need the guidance and help of a modern nation. And why not France? By and large, the African is grateful to France, especially for the absence of any color bar in its territories and the dignity thus accorded to all men.

But, cautions Hounhouet, if France really wants a partnership with Black Africa, it must keep up its end of the bargain. It must not brake the process of leading the African from darkness to light, from a colonial position to self-rule. Otherwise the partnership will one day disintegrate.

"France is Black Africa's chance," Hounhouet once said. Then added: "But isn't Africa France's chance too?"



**Holder of a host of important political posts in Africa and France, Hounhouet is here shown with group of tribal dignitaries**



N.Y. Herald Tribune—Ted Kell

# MOTHER TO ONE HUNDRED

**Mrs. Rose Sparaci of the Bronx is a great mother. Besides many sons and daughters, she has mothered a hundred foster children** By Francis Sugrue

A REPORTER FOR a New York City newspaper comes in time to interview a wide variety of people: the hand-wringing parents of a son who has been arrested for a major crime; a nineteen-year-old girl who has been named Miss America; a politician trying to hold down the lid on a brewing scandal.

Yet, in my ten years covering the daily drama of New York's news there was one day and one story that was different from all the rest. In the middle of an interview I suddenly realized that the woman who was answering all the questions so cheerfully was unique to my experience. This was a woman whose character and outlook on life transcended the very facts that made

her story unusual enough to be printed in the paper.

The lady was Mrs. Rose Sparaci. The facts: She had devoted forty-three of her sixty years to raising a grand total of 100 foster children. All her children had come from the New York Foundling Hospital, an affiliate of Catholic Charities in the New York Archdiocese and one of Cardinal Spellman's favorite charities. Some of the children were taken into the harbor of the Sparaci household when they were only infants, and others were two, three, or four years old, and with few exceptions they stayed until they grew into adults, to answer a call for military service, to take a job, or to take a spouse.

Year after year the children were carried into the home at 3110 Mickle Avenue; they were Italian, Irish, Spanish, French, Filipino, and other nationalities—the abandoned, the neglected, the forgotten. Mrs. Sparaci drew no lines because of race or type and never specified that she must have a blonde, blue-eyed girl, a bright, chubby boy, or a darling with a happy disposition.

"The Sister would put the baby in my arms and I'd take him home."

That's all there was to the story as far as Mrs. Sparaci was concerned. According to her arithmetic, a baby who had no home equaled one baby who must have a home. It never occurred to her to ask for the baby's credentials.

She was sitting in the living room when I interviewed her, surrounded, appropriately, by more than a dozen children; the young foster children she cares for even today, her own grown-up son and daughter, and a great grandson.

I don't remember her as being either tall or short, so I must guess her size was medium, and although her figure was well nourished, she wasn't plump nor unusually round. Her face was wrinkled, but the lines were soft, made from age and not of pain; there were gray strands in her soft black hair; there was not a single bitter spark in her twinkling eyes, and her laughter was as free as the open sky.

First, I attempted to express my admiration for Mrs. Sparaci and mentioned that I knew it as a fact that most parents discovered early in their careers that bringing up even a few rambunctious children was no picnic. But one hundred! How in the world?

She shrugged her shoulders. She didn't understand. Then I suggested that Mrs. Sparaci surely had known her share of trouble and sorrow, since a few bad apples were inevitable in such a large barrel.

"I've had some little business with the truant officer, because every child we got can't be perfect," she said, adding a parenthetical sigh of relief. "But I never go to the police station for one of them. Not one of them. I thank God for that. . . . No juvenile delinquent."

There are times when a reporter's instincts fail to protect him from asking a silly question. I had a special one: "Didn't you ever read a book on how to bring up children, Mrs. Sparaci, or attend a child guidance lecture?"

All the children in the room joined Mrs. Sparaci in a feast of laughter and soon the room was filled with one great howl of glee. When she was able to catch her breath, Mrs. Sparaci gave her own formula for rearing children:

"Show him you're interested, even his little scratches, and when he brings just a stick to you, see how you talk to him about it. . . . And when I'm baking and they want to come around and help, and do this and that, I let them. What's a little mess?"

But one hundred children! There had to be discipline somewhere.

She had her own rules for this, too. "The worst punishment you can do is to tell them to go to bed," she advised and turned to Johnny, the reigning seven-year-old foster son. "How do you like it when you're bad and I put you to bed?"

And Johnny's reaction, an immediate and extreme sadness of countenance, was living proof of the effectiveness of Mrs. Sparaci's system of punishment.

She was only a teen-ager when she began this career. She was recovering from the tragedy of losing her first-born son when she went to the New York Foundling Hospital and asked to be given one of the abandoned babies, certain in her feelings, even at seventeen, that a home was an empty place without a child.

Almost every year since that first visit, Mrs. Sparaci has had six foster children living in her home at one time, nourishing her charges on the type of motherhood that is a lullaby to bring sleep to a fevered head, that is the laughter swirling around the room dusting the corners of childhood fears, that is the magical cooking filling the kitchen with wonderful odors.

Some of the children were bright and won honors in school, but others found lessons a disagreeable chore; hence the visits from the truant officer; some were fair and even blessed with beauty, and some were homely and plain; some were quiet and as well behaved as angels, while others were as wild as a winter's wind and apparently in league with a colony of imps to boot. But each one, no matter what he had received as his share of brains, beauty, and temperament, was given an equal amount of Mrs. Sparaci's love, and all of them had the understanding that a child is an individual to himself and should be treated accordingly.

"I shed tears when every one of them goes out the door," Mrs. Sparaci commented, for she shares the common sorrow of all mothers when it comes time for a child to leave home. But most of the children have never departed in their hearts; a foster daughter refuses to take her wedding vows until Mrs. Sparaci arrives to arrange the veil, a soldier returns on furlough because this is the only home he has ever known, a baby is born and she receives a telephone call on each new problem of child care, and on Mother's Day and other holidays she is flooded with cards and presents.

Some 90 per cent of the Sparaci foster children were boys, and during World War II more than fifty of them served in the Army, Navy, or Marine Corps. They were young men who had grown strong sitting at their foster mother's table. She was a woman who elevated food to the level of a virtue, and to practice her belief, she always prepared four or five pounds of spaghetti as a side dish to fortify the main meal.

Hanging in a prominent spot in the living room is a golden framed photograph of Mr. Sparaci, looking handsome and quite dignified in his World War I army uniform. When he died in 1951 more than sixty of his foster children

came to the funeral to mourn the man who called his home "The New York Foundling Hospital Annex" and had a favorite expression: "There's always room for one more."

"He was always in the lot across the street playing games with them," Mrs. Sparaci recalled, with gentleness. "The man was never happy unless the house was full of children. When nobody would take a child because he was homely or a little problem, my husband would say, 'Let's give him a chance.'"

Once there was a two-year-old boy and doctors predicted that he would never talk. A recommendation was made that he be placed in an institution for retarded children.

This recommendation was never carried out. "We felt sorry for the little fellow," Mrs. Sparaci said. "We decided to give him a chance."

So he was taken to the house on Mickle Avenue, and at first he retreated into a shell of silence, a lonely, withdrawn, fearful little child. But the warmth of Mrs. Sparaci penetrates everywhere. "I talk to him and talk to him and try to make him understand how glad we are to have him. And pretty soon I feel he knows every word I say. He would grab at his little mouth and try to make the words come out."

One year after he came into the Sparaci house the child uttered his first word. What happened to the boy?

Well, Mrs. Sparaci said, he learned to talk and grew into a fine lad. "He lived with us and went all through school without trouble. He has a good job now. A real man."

There was a little girl who was never going to walk again. This was no future for a child, Mrs. Sparaci reasoned so she took her home. Having heard somewhere that the sun and water were nature's remedies for human ailments Mrs. Sparaci journeyed down to Pelham Bay with her charge every day the sun was in the sky. Soon, the girl began to grow straight and strong, and before long she was running and skipping rope with her foster sisters and brothers. No one has determined whether it was the wonder of the sun, or the love and affection she received, that brought about the cure.

Mrs. Sparaci has made a successful and eminent career of rearing other people's children as though they were her own. Yet, she honestly believes it has been a perfectly normal way of life, a small thing in a busy world.

"I guess we were old-fashioned having so many children in the house," Mrs. Sparaci apologized. "But I take out the album and look at the pictures of the children and I wish I could do it all over again."



# THE CROSS AND PENANCE

by Bertrand Weaver, C.P.

Several years ago, at New York's Carnegie Hall, there was a performance in English of Bach's "Passion According to St. John." The next day the music critic of *The New York Times* praised the tenor who had sung the part of the Evangelist for conveying a sense of the drama of the Passion. Of the performance as a whole, however, the *Times* critic said that, while it often gave musical pleasure, "it did not inspire what Bach intended, a sense of reverence."

It is safe to say that most of the singers on this occasion failed to inspire a sense of reverence because they evidently lacked a sense of personal participation in the Passion. They would doubtless have stared in wonderment if the conductor had urged that they feel a personal relationship toward the events described by St. John. The momentous truth that every person ever born is involved in the Passion would probably have been foreign to their thinking.

Sometimes people will stand before a crucifix and exclaim on its beauty. They do this in a detached way, as though they were viewing some work of art toward which they felt no personal relationship. To those who have such an attitude we would say:

No golden Christ did hang from  
brutal Rood,  
Nor marble Christ, nor Christ of  
carven wood.  
We bless the craftsmen for their two-  
fold part—

The blend of worship and con-  
summate art.  
But blame esthetes who come with  
cultured gaze,  
And fail to see His pangs through  
golden haze.  
Why must the glint of gold thus  
blind them so  
To Christ's dark depths of poignant  
woe!

Altogether too many, even in the Church, act like those who passed along the road that ran near Calvary on that first Good Friday afternoon. We can visualize many of them glancing casually toward the three crosses, and telling themselves that three more wretched human beings were dying the deaths of criminals. Perhaps their eyes lingered for a moment on the Figure of the famous Preacher and Wonder-worker from Nazareth. But this Figure meant little or nothing to them personally. As they continued along the road, one to his noonday meal, another to his afternoon business, still another to his siesta, what they had seen on Calvary faded from their minds as quickly as the image fades from a photographic proof that has been left exposed. Like so many who have since looked on the Cross with unseeing eyes, they acted precisely as though they were not involved in the Crucifixion of the Son of God at all! If their blindness was a tragedy, how much more tragic it would be if we also failed to comprehend.

It is impossible, for one thing, to

**Why must we do penance?**  
**If we do not understand the**  
**Church's idea of penance,**  
**it is probably because we do**  
**not realize that each of us**  
**had a personal share**  
**in Our Lord's Crucifixion**

understand the Church's policy of penance if we fail to realize our personal involvement in what happened during the Passion of Our Saviour. We all had a share in the Crucifixion, as the Church reminds us in the Reproaches which she puts on the lips of Christ during the adoration of the Cross on Good Friday:

My people, what have I done to thee?  
Or in what have I grieved thee?  
Answer me.

Because I fed thee with manna, and  
brought thee into a land exceedingly good, thou hast prepared a  
Cross for thy Saviour.

I opened the sea before thee: and  
thou with a spear hast opened My  
side.

I have exalted thee with great power:  
and thou hast hanged Me on the  
gibbet of the Cross.

But the Church does not just remind us of our responsibility for the Passion. She demands through her system of penances that we take upon ourselves some small share of the atonement which Christ offered for our sins on the Cross. If He made up the eternal punishment due to our sins, the Church insists that we make up part of the temporal punishment through penance.

It is not surprising that the Church of our Divine Redeemer should have insisted in the face of a self-indulgent human nature on a definite policy of penance. Her attitude toward penance is just another confirmation of the truth of her claim to be the one Church established by Him who said: "Unless you do penance, you shall all likewise perish."

Christ's Church, as we would expect, has a great corps of men and women who are specialists in penance. She has dotted the earth with monasteries and convents where members of penitential orders engage in fasts, vigils, and expiatory prayer. But while she encourages her professed penitents to offer their lives as a living oblation in union with the supreme oblation of the Cross, she wants all her members to have a share in the expiation which she offers in union with her Divine Head for the sins of mankind.

The Church knows that most of us, if left to ourselves, would do little penance. So, she does us the favor of imposing penance upon us. If we understand how important penance is, we will be grateful to the Church for firmly placing her hand on our shoulder from time to time and commanding us to carry out penances of her devising.

One of the things we notice about the fasts and abstinence which the Church lovingly imposes on us is that she keeps

these penances in the context of the Passion. Apart from the Ember Days and a few vigils, she associates her penances with the Cross. On the day of the week which saw the Crucifixion of our Redeemer, the Church bids us forego the use of flesh meat. Another way of making sure that we do not forget our involvement in the events of Good Friday is her practice of preparing us for the observance of that day by six weeks of fasting.

By thus associating our penances with the Cross, the Church helps us to overcome the repugnance which human nature feels at the very mention of penance. Our flesh wants to be coddled and pampered. Our appetites clamor for indulgence. The Church reminds us, especially on Fridays and during Lent, that there was no pampering of the human flesh of Christ on the Cross.

His flesh was lacerated. It was pierced with thorns and dug with nails. There was a harrowing of that perfect body which appears beyond all endurance. As for indulgence of appetites, we may well believe that no food passed the lips of Our Saviour once His Passion began. Scripture says that He refused the wine which was offered to Him on a sponge at the height of His agony. The thirst accompanying the Crucifixion parched His lips and mouth and whole body so dreadfully that it was the only one of His many physical torments which caused Him to utter anything approaching complaint.

There was no plea for a loosening of the nails, which caused such paroxysms of agony and which had held Him in that brutally cramped position for three hours. There was no cry for the removal of the thorns, which continued to burn into His sacred head. There was no request for a sponge over His flesh to wipe away the drying blood and the sweat. There was just that brief, heart-rending, cry—"I thirst." And even this was not so much a plea for relief as a statement of fact which was forced from His human nature.

St. Bernard said that it is a shameful thing to be a delicate member under a thorn-crowned Head. That it is not only shameful for any member of Christ's mystical body to shun penance, but also dangerous to his eternal salvation, is apparent from words which Our Lord addressed to the Jews. "The men of Ninive," He warned them, "will rise in the Judgment with this generation, and will condemn it; for they repented at the preaching of Jonas, and behold, a greater than Jonas is here."

Christ was referring on this occasion to the dramatic repentance of the Ninevites as recounted in the Prophecy of

Jonas. Nobody who has read this story can fail to be impressed with the whole-heartedness with which the people of Ninevah acted on the warning of Jonas that, unless they repented, their city would be destroyed in forty days. We read that "the men of Ninevah believed in God, and they proclaimed a great fast." The point here is that if the Ninevites, without the knowledge and inspiration of the Cross, did penance with such alacrity, how much more is expected of those "before whose eyes Jesus Christ has been depicted crucified?"

If penance means taking on oneself, for the purpose of atoning for sin, what is against the grain of human nature, nothing can better spur us to the practice of penance than thinking about the Cross. Nothing is better calculated to move and inspire us to do penance readily, and even eagerly, than the thought of the hardships which the innocent Saviour took upon Himself for the atonement of our sins.

It should be noted here that it would be useless to take upon ourselves the penances prescribed by the Church if we did not at the same time do something definite about avoiding those sins which make penance necessary. St. Bede makes an important observation when he says that "to fast, in a general sense, is not only to abstain from meat, but to restrain oneself from all enticements of the flesh and from evil passions." This is why so frequently in the Masses of the Lenten season we come across prayers in which we ask God that, while we practice that fasting which is involved in foregoing certain foods, we will be given strength to avoid evil practices.

Writing about the valiant Judith of Old Testament fame, St. Ambrose marveled that "the fast of one woman overthrew the countless armies of the Assyrians." Through prayer and penance we also can overthrow the evil forces which threaten mankind with a third world war. The Mother of our Crucified Redeemer made this absolutely clear at Fatima.

It is not surprising that the Archangel Raphael told Tobias that "prayer is good with fasting and alms, more than to lay up treasures of gold." If we understand the great importance and power of penance, we will consider it a privilege to unite our acts of penance with the divine oblation which Christ offered on the Cross and continues to offer in the Mass. Through our penances we will help to bring peace to ourselves and to a disturbed humanity and we will assure ourselves of peace for the endless ages of eternity.

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## LUNATICS AND HORSE LOVERS

If editors could see  
beyond John Foster Dulles'  
nose, they'd find  
it isn't the barmy who  
are odd, but the normal

by RED SMITH

A PARTICIPANT in an English football pool correctly foretold the results of all eight games on the card, and the news made the overseas cables when his two-cent investment returned a profit of \$84,000. It wasn't the odds of 4,200,000-to-1 that struck newspaper editors as remarkable; what captivated them was the fact that the winner was a mental patient in an Ipswich loonybin.

In their innocence and naïveté, editors considered this unusual. Preoccupied as they are with affairs of state, editors don't have much time for the affairs of people. If they could ever see beyond John Foster Dulles' nose, they might discover areas where it isn't the barmy who are considered odd, but the normal.

Nobody at the race track would deem it even slightly out of the ordinary if a



man wearing a straitjacket were to walk in and slap the mutuels silly with an eight-horse parlay. If he were pursued by a man in a white jacket with a long-handled net, scarcely an eyebrow would be lifted. What might be regarded as eccentricity in a bank is accepted as reasonable behavior at the race track.

There are these two New York businessmen. They did uncommonly well in their fields, then went seeking relaxation in the horse parks. The way they bet made case-hardened veterans quail. Chivvied by a worried spouse, one of them took the pledge, vowed never to set foot in a horse yard again.

When racing opens at Jamaica on April Fool's Day, this man will not be counted among those present. He will be parked in his Cadillac near the rail just outside the paddock gate. From there he can send in large, unwise wagers by messenger, but he will not pass through the turnstiles. He is a man of his word.

There is a wealthy industrialist from Detroit who owns a stable of horses. His horses are registered in his trainer's name and he goes to a great deal of trouble to keep out of the papers any mention of his own name in connection with racing.

This would be understandable in a clergyman or a bookmaker or a man with a criminal record, but there is no apparent reason why this man should conceal his interest in the sport. Pressed for an explanation one day, he confided it reluctantly.

He had suffered a minor heart attack. His doctor treated him, told him he was going to be all right provided he took care of himself. He was to avoid overwork, overplay, and unnecessary excitement. "Above all," the doctor said, "get rid of those horses and get away from racing. You can't take it."

So now the man is running his horse in his trainer's name, to deceive the doctor. He pays the doctor richly for his advice.

Buddy Raines, trainer for Brandywine Farm, has a groom named Slewfoot Sandy.

"Been with me for years," Buddy said one night. "Once I fired him and he took my dog. Man feeds a woman five years," he tells me, "she's his property. I been feeding this no-account dog so long she don't know you. She's my dog." I told him: "You take that dog and I'll call the cops." Sandy's dead scared of cops. "Then I don't go," he says, and he didn't. How you going to fire a man won't quit?

"We had a little filly named Whipsaw a few years ago and I put her in a race in New York and Sandy gives me \$200

to bet for him. Ain't many grooms could bet \$200 but Sandy did. I warned him: 'There's a little mare from Chicago in this race that can fly,' and he says, 'Nuts, we'll beat her.'

"So that little mare beats us a neck and she's nobody but that mare Ben Jones had named Twosy. 'Hey,' Sandy says, 'who put that thing in the race? She can fly.' I told him, 'I warned you, Sandy, but you wouldn't listen.'

"After that a guy in Jones' barn tells Sandy: 'That bay mare of ours is going in Jersey today. You can get even on her.' So Sandy goes to a horse room on Long Island and says to the man, 'Gimme two hundred on that bay mare of Ben Jones.' Around the track they hardly ever know horses by names, it's the bay or the brown or the chestnut.

"What's her name?" the man says, and Sandy says, 'How would I know? That bay mare of Jones. She's in a race in Jersey. Beat Whipsaw a neck last week.' The man looks her up in the Form. 'Here she is, I guess. Twosy in the sixth at Garden State.' She beat Whipsaw last week?" Sandy says. 'Yes.' Then that's her, all right. Gimme two hundred.'

"He hands over his money and the man writes out a slip and tells him to sign it. 'I don't sign no slip,' Sandy says. 'Where's Artie that's always workin' here?' The man says to never mind Artie and sign the slip, so Sandy signs it with a big X and the man flashes a badge and says, 'You're pinched.' Sandy says: 'Well, I be jiggered! I bet two hundred with the law!'

"He tells me nothing about this but in a day or so he says he's got to have time off to go down and decorate his sister's grave in Jersey. I got to let him off, of course, and next day a man says to me, 'That Slewfoot Sandy of yours is a real comedian. He killed 'em yesterday in Mineola.' I said he'd been down in Jersey that day but the fellow says, 'He was not. He was in court in Mineola on a gambling charge.'

"Seems they showed Sandy his \$200 and the slip he'd signed and he counted it and said it wasn't his. 'Sure, I signed the slip, all right,' he says, 'but there's only \$200 here. The mare was 2 to 1 and she win and I want \$600, not \$200.'

"He gets up out of the witness chair and walks over and puts an elbow on the bench. 'Judge,' he says, 'if the cops are so hard up they got to go making book on the horses, that's okay with me. But, Judge, I've rubbed trotters and I messed around with the dog races and now I'm rubbing runners, and wherever I've went I bet, and wherever they laid they paid. If the cops lay and don't pay I want nothin' more to do with any

of 'em and they can keep the money.'

"They ask him, 'Do you know Artie?' and he says sure he knows Artie, and points him out in the courtroom. They say what's his name. 'His name's Artie,' Sandy says. 'Sometimes folks call him Arthur.' They ask how long he knows Artie and he says maybe ten, fifteen, twenty years. They say that's a pretty wide spread, can't he make it a little more definite?

"'I'll tell you,' Sandy says. 'I first knew Artie the year Maedic was a two-year-old. I was rubbin' Maedic and he was rubbin' three horses in the same barn. They wasn't no account but he was rubbin' 'em.'

"The judge says, 'Who's Maedic?' and Sandy blows up.

"'Who's Maedic?' he hollers. 'Wasn't no faster two-year-old than Maedic. Win everything in sight at two and shoulda win the Derby. You don't know Maedic Nuts to the bunch of you dopes!'

"He just up and walked out of that courtroom," Buddy Raines said. "Can't say that I blame him none, either."

The point is that there is nothing especially remarkable about a fellow in the boobyhatch making a bet and winning it, here or in England. There are lots of people committed to boobyhatches whose behavior would be deemed entirely normal by Slewfoot Sandy's standards.

There's a little fellow who is well known, at least by sight, to regulars at most tracks in New York and Florida and California. He hustles the paddock area, picking up a buck where he can. After Santa Anita closed one spring, a horseman driving East across the New Mexico badlands spotted this fellow hiking along the highway miles from any human habitation. The horseman gave him a lift.

Both, it developed, were heading for New York. They rode in amiable conversation for awhile, and then the hitchhiker said, "Turn on the radio."

"Can't," said the horseman.

"Why not?"

"No radio in this car."

"Well, for the cat's!" the little guy said. "Stop the car." The car halted and he stepped out. "Won't ride in no car without a radio," he said. They parted there on the desert.

You might consider the little fellow loopy. A court did on one occasion, and he was tucked away for his health. He didn't stay long. After awhile the superintendent or head keeper called up the authorities.

"Come get this guy," he said. "He ain't crazy. He's been making penny book in here and has every nut in the joint playing the horses."

**A Sign Picture Story**

# THE TYRONE PIPERS' BAND

The bagpipe has alternately been called "the sweetest of all reed instruments" and "the voice of uproar and misrule, and the music calculated for it seems to be that of rude passion." Whichever view you take—and there is something to be said for both—New York City's Tyrone Pipers' Band, one of a half-dozen Irish pipe bands in the area, are exemplars of the best in pipe music. You name the Irish occasion—from St. Patrick's Day Parade to the annual Fordham Feis—and the Tyrone Pipers, led by veteran piper Tom MoSwiggan, will be there. Clad in their distinctive dress of green, white, and saffron—the color of the O'Neills, principal northern lords of Gaelic Ireland—they'll be found marching and playing traditional airs like "Kelly, the Boy from Killan," "Ballinascorney," and "Garryowen." Though founded by the County Tyrone Society in the thirties, members of the band come from all over the map of Ireland and fully half were born in New York City. Which proves very little except that the pipes have lost none of their traditional power to rally the clans for waging battle or making merry.

**Photographs by John McKeon**

*Marching and piping at Fordham's annual Feis, the Tyrone Pipers are a striking sight in their colors of green and saffron*



## TYRONE PIPERS *continued*



Drummers Pat McGrath, left, and Jim McCullagh, below, relax during an intermission at the Fordham Feis



Drummer  
Pat McEntee  
teaches  
for a living



Tyrone piper Jim O'Connell practices his playing of "A Sailor's Hornpipe"



Piper Major Tom McSwiggan has led the band since its founding in the thirties



Irish eyes are smiling  
for snare drummer John Hughes



Snare drummer Mike McQuillan, who hails from Belfast, is all concentration as he beats out a drum roll



Jim Hagen gives his all for difficult piece



Pat McQuaide is a picture of Irish geniality

## THE PIPES, THE PIPES ARE CALLING

Contrary to popular opinion, the bagpipe did not originate with the Highland Scots, let alone the Irish. Actually, its origin is hidden in a cloud of history, but the best opinion is that it started in India and the Near East when early musicians found that by attaching an "artificial lung" to the first wind instruments they could play continuously. The Greeks and Romans picked up piping during their conquest of the East and brought the bagpipe with them as they spread civilization westward. At one time or another, the bagpipes have been used in all countries of Europe under such names as *Musette* in

France, *Dudlesack* in Germany, and *Carta* in Spain. But the Scottish Highlanders made it practically a national instrument from very early times. Ever a warlike people, ardent in battle and impatient of control in time of peace, the sound of the bagpipe must have been peculiarly grateful to their ears.

Some time later the Irish took up the bagpipes. They eventually gave it its greatest refinement in the Irish union pipes, a parlor instrument not louder than a violin, which has two octaves compared to the Scottish pipes' one.

*The Feis competition is the highlight of the day at Fordham. Here, the pipes and drums capture the spirit of the clan pipers skirling Celtic songs of victory*



THE  
SIGN'S  
PEOPLE  
OF THE  
MONTH

Photograph by Jacques Ehrlich



## A welcome for foreign visitors

Ever since its founding six years ago, the Washington International Center has been adding a warm, personal touch to the reception given to foreign visitors coming to the nation's capital under the State Department's Exchange of Persons program. And a woman who has contributed in no small measure to the warmth of the welcome the Center extends is Margaret Donahue. It is Miss Donahue's task to arrange meetings between the visitors and typical Washington families. "We try to make it a meaningful experience for both the family and the guest," says Miss Donahue. "This means matching the families and the visitors so that they will have some

common ground for building a friendship that often lasts long after the visitor has returned home."

The effect of this contact, Miss Donahue adds, "is really something to see." Often, she has found, the visitors arrive in the U.S. with a mountain of misconceptions about American life picked up from American movies distributed abroad, from accounts they have read in magazines and newspapers. Nothing dissolves these more effectively than a day or an evening with an American family. In fact, says Miss Donahue, "this people-to-people contact is one of the most powerful forces we have to offer in acquainting other nations with the meaning of America."

# **Neighborhood trouble shooter**

The job that Dennis Clark does for the Philadelphia Commission on Human Relations has no title, but he might well be called a "neighborhood trouble-shooter" because that's what he does. He goes looking for trouble, and when he finds it, he draws on every resource available to the human relations expert to bring the trouble to an early end. One recent case is typical. A Negro family moved into a white neighborhood. The next morning they found their new 1957 DeSoto hammered beyond recognition. Suspecting that the vandalism was merely a symptom of general irritation in the neighborhood, Clark went to work. He talked to local leaders and to the Negro family's immediate neighbors. Gradually, everybody came to admit that the destruction of the automobile was a sign of civic sickness. A Block Group was formed to discuss the situation and to allow the white families to meet the Negro family in a relaxed atmosphere. Result? Tension vanished and the Block Group went on to attack other problems slowly strangling the neighborhood.

A member of the Catholic Interracial Council and vice president of Philadelphia's Catholic Housing Council, Clark attributes his interest in the race question as it affects housing to "an Irish sympathy for unpopular causes." But his approach is deeper than that may sound. "I strongly believe," he says, "that there is a vacuum in social thinking that has to be filled by religious ideas."



# THE SIGN POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

## Tonsure

*What is the significance of priests in Europe having their heads shaved?—S. W., AKRON, OHIO.*

In the Catholic countries of Europe, it is customary that all clerics shave the crown of the head in the form of a disc. This distinguishing feature is known as the Tonsure. The word "tonsure" means a cutting, shearing, or shaving. Tonsure is first received at the hands of the bishop, in a sacred ceremony whereby a candidate for the priesthood is officially inducted as a member of the clergy. Thus the aspirant is dedicated exclusively to the service of God and given a preliminary title to receive the minor and major orders which culminate in the priesthood. This ceremony dates back to the fourth or fifth century.

The minor orders which follow tonsure are not parts of the Sacrament of Holy Orders. By the order of Porter, the candidate for the priesthood is given the official custody of the keys of the church, as well as the right to sound the bells of the church. When ordained a Lector, he receives his commission to read publicly certain portions of the sacred books—especially from the missal or Mass-book. As an Exorcist, he is empowered to exorcize those possessed by evil spirits, although the authority to actually carry out exorcisms is withheld. As an Acolyte, he is ordained to function as a minor minister during the solemn services of the sanctuary. These preliminary, minor orders are followed by the major orders, whereby the recipient is ordained a subdeacon, a deacon, and a priest. The tonsure of those who have received major orders is somewhat larger than that of the recipients of minor orders only.

## Steppingstone

*I would enter the Church tomorrow, were it not for the stumbling block of confession.—N. B., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.*



You need only adjust your outlook on sacramental confession to turn a stumbling block into a steppingstone from earth to heaven. You admit you are convinced that there is a provident Almighty to whom we are answerable for every thought, word, action, and omission; that Christ is His divine Son; that the Church, as Christ founded it, is Catholic Christianity. Logically, you must admit that the Sacrament of Penance is the means of reconciliation established divinely by Christ. Why so?

Once we admit that Christ is divine, logically we must accept His Revelation in every detail—including His delegation of authority to forgive sins. "Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." (John 20:22,23) Within the sphere of faith, morals, and worship as revealed by Christ, we cannot pick and choose—accepting one item while discarding another. To attempt that sort of thing is to sit in judgment upon the reliability of Christ.

Your problem is a case of wishful thinking. You balk because of panic—you are frightened at the very thought of one feature of the Sacrament of Penance, the self-accusation called confession. Confession can hardly be the ordeal you fear, since millions of Catholics—including converts—confess their sins regularly, even frequently. For this very purpose, Christ provided the sacrament of reconciliation. As for your identity, you need never disclose it. Nor should you be too embarrassed to confess the sins you were not too embarrassed to commit. Better by far a humble self-accusation now and immediate forgiveness than an accusation of unforgiven sins later by the divine Judge. "Go, therefore, with confidence to the throne of grace . . . obtain mercy and find grace in seasonable aid." (Hebrews 4:16)

## Separation Problem

*When the Church gives permission for a separation of husband and wife, is financial subsidy provided for mother and children?—M. P., PITTSBURGH, PA.*

With a view to the adjustment of difficulties between husband and wife, the financial angle and the over-all welfare of the children are among the many reasons for the Church's insistence that a married couple do not resort to separation without permission. Regardless of what promises might be made by an inconsiderate husband, to be assured of un-failing financial support, action by the civil courts might be the only guaranty. We urge that you take your case to the matrimonial board of the Bishop's office, for advice and settlement. You will be received with understanding kindness; you are under no obligation to tell your husband of this confidential interview.

## Adam and Eve

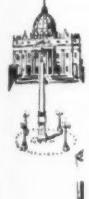
*What was the ultimate fate of Adam and Eve? Were they saved or lost?—C. I., ALBANY, N. Y.*

From the Book of Wisdom, it seems clear enough that Adam co-operated with the grace of repentance and was saved. "Wisdom preserved him that was first formed by God, the father of the world, and brought him out of his sin." (10:2) There is a special fitnessness that both parents of the entire human family be saved, for it was to them that the promise was first made of Christ as a "Second Adam" and Mary as a "Second Eve." "The Lord God said to the serpent: Because thou hast done this thing, I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed; she shall crush thy head." (Genesis 3:15) From the earliest centuries, the feast day of Adam and Eve has been celebrated among the Greek Christians. Because of their unique responsibility to all posterity, it is not far-fetched to say that Adam and Eve were among the worst sinners the world has ever known. But, for that matter, were it not for a repentance proven by martyrdom, St. Peter, the first Vicar of Christ, would be known to history as Peter the Coward. Augustine of Hippo is another outstanding example of a notorious sinner who became famous as a saint. Divine justice is bal-

anced perfectly by an infinite mercy. No matter how shameful a sinner's past may have been, sincere repentance entitles him to a share in the inexhaustible merits of the "Mediator of God and men." (I Tim. 2:5)

#### Marks of the Church

You Catholics claim—rather boastingly, it seems to me—certain "marks" for your Church. Why this emphasis?—M. D., ST. PAUL, MINN.

  
By the "marks of the Church," we Catholics understand several qualities which should characterize the Church founded by Christ and which can be claimed solely by the Roman Catholic Church. To be able to prove that claim is really something to boast about—though not in the odious sense of the word. Rather, we experience a sense of relief, of security, of humble gratitude that we are identifiable as members of the "one fold" under "one shepherd." (John 10:16) This matter of the marks of a church is so important because it is a plain case of cause and effect. When the cause is divine, the effects are guaranteed. To the point—if a church cannot boast of the qualities it should have as a consequence of divine origin, then it must lack divine origin and support.

The qualities which should characterize the Church founded by Christ are the following: unity, holiness, catholicity or universality, and unbroken succession from the original apostles or apostolicity. In order to serve their purpose, to add up to cogent argument which will appeal to the "other sheep that are not of this fold," these four qualities should be external and readily recognizable.

As for unity, it is obvious that non-Catholic Christians cannot boast of it. Shattered into hundreds of fragmentary sects, they exemplify disunity and disintegration rather than unity. No sect which has severed relations with the sanctifying power of the Roman Catholic Church has been able to produce that masterpiece of divine grace known as a canonized saint. Nor does any sect enjoy the quality of worldwide universality. It means nothing to say that non-Catholic Christians can be found the world over, for they are severed not only from Rome but from one another. Severed branches no longer belong to a living tree. One of the boasts of the sects is their independence of Rome, whereby they admit that they have broken the chain of apostolic succession, based as it must be upon the See of Peter. "Upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." (Matt. 16:18)

Christ would have been tragically improvident had He not delegated to His Church His own infallibility. The Roman Catholic Church alone claims to be graced with this endowment; that claim is proven to the satisfaction of uncounted millions, including many of the best minds the world has ever known. One of the best proofs is the unspoiled integrity of Catholic faith, morals, and worship. Such integrity exemplifies ideal unity.

It must be admitted that there are only too many Catholics who are a disgrace to the Church. But such members are not representative of the Church. Even they have divinely instituted means of repentance to turn to. By contrast, the heroic sanctity of thousands has been attested to from on high, by the divine miracles which justify the beatifications and canonizations of the Catholic Church. Obviously, the Church is a unique source of holiness.

The universality of the Church is verified in many ways, one of the most important of which is the carrying out from pole to pole of the mandate of God: "From the rising of the sun even to the going down, in every place there is

sacrifice, there is offered to My Name a clean oblation." (Malachy 1:11) As for the Church's apostolicity, today's successors of the Apostles can trace their succession to the original Apostles, because they have been designated by, and are in unity with, the Vicar of Christ. It should be a providential investment of your time and talents to ponder the fitness and the truth of this "boast" of the Catholic Church.

#### Religious Music

I have composed music for childrens' short prayers and need information as to Catholic music publishers.—D. R., POMPTON LAKES, N. J.

We suggest that you refer your inquiries to the National Catholic Music Educators Association, 1785 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington 6, D. C. Reliable information will be available at this source as to the new Catholic hymnal now in the making. That organization has thirteen branches in as many States and publishes the bimonthly *Catholic Music Educators Bulletin*.

#### Virginity of Mary

A Protestant friend and co-worker maintains that our Blessed Mother had more children, after the birth of Christ. She quotes Matthew 13:55, 56. I could say only that she had misinterpreted the meaning.—A. K., TOLEDO, OHIO.

"Is not His mother called Mary? And His brethren James and Joseph and Simon and Jude? And His sisters, are they not all with us?" These and similar verses are wide open to misinterpretation by those who do not understand the sense of the original language, which prevailed at the time the Scriptures were written. Relatives to whom we now refer as cousins were then referred to as brethren, as brothers and sisters. Hence, to say the least, it does not follow from the passages quoted that Christ had blood brothers or sisters. Among His apostles, James the Less and Jude—known also as Thaddeus—were brothers, the sons of Cleophas and another Mary, and were close relatives of Our Lord. It was the custom of the times to refer to them and to similar relatives as His "brethren" or "brothers" or "sisters."

The Scriptures also refer to Jesus as the first-born of Mary. But that reference does not imply that there were subsequent children. It was the custom of those days to refer to an only child as the first-born. From the earliest days of Christianity, there has been a clear-cut conviction as to the perpetual virginity of the Mother of Christ; it has been considered nothing short of sacrilege to doubt the unqualified virginity of the one who conceived miraculously by the power of the Holy Spirit and who miraculously gave birth to the Son of God made Man. Your friend will be surprised to learn that even some Protestants are of the same mind as Catholics. It might be helpful were she to read the "Sign Post," December 1956, under the caption: Mother & Child.

#### Plenary Indulgences

Are plenary indulgences applicable to the souls in purgatory at the option of the person gaining the indulgence? When the prayers to be said are not specified, what is the proper number?—D. W., GRASS VALLEY, CALIF.

An indulgence is applicable to the souls in purgatory at the option of the one gaining the indulgence, if that arrangement be specified by the Church, as in the case of the indulgence known as the *Portiuncula*. If a plenary indulgence can be gained as many times as a person visits a church, on a specified day, then the "Our Father," "Hail Mary," and "Glory be to the Father" should be prayed six times each,

for the intentions of the Pope. If the prayers to be said for the intention of the Holy Father be unspecified, then the above prayers, once each, will suffice. In approved prayer-books and leaflets, you will find listed all the conditions required for the gaining of any indulgence referred to, as well as your option to apply the indulgence to the Poor Souls.

#### Vicar of Christ

*When and how did the title of the Holy Father "Vicar of Christ" originate?—O. M., BROOKLYN, N. Y.*



Of the many titles applied to the successors of St. Peter, "Vicar of Christ" is the one most descriptive of the rank and function of the "Bishop of Bishops." As far as we know, the Pope was first saluted under this title during the Roman Synod, as far back as 495. It was popularized by St. Peter Damian, in an endeavor to counterbalance extravagant religious titles claimed by, or accorded to, the temporal rulers of his day. St. Bernard was even more influential in giving permanence to this unique title of the Sovereign Pontiff, which he applied to his former student Pope Eugene III and which has been used regularly since the time of Pope Innocent III.

#### Jehovah Witnesses

*Several times in the past year, Witnesses of Jehovah have called at our home, left literature, and tried to discuss the Bible. What are they? How should we react to them?—J. M., HARVEY, ILL.*

The self-styled Witnesses of Jehovah are a sect of a sort. They originated in 1874, under the leadership of a Pastor Russell. The only item of Scripture which they emphasize is the second and final advent of Christ to this world—an advent which they expected so long ago that by now they should have given up hope. The Witnesses, like their first leaders—Russell and the so called "Judge" Rutherford—are renowned for both ignorance and fanaticism. Although their pet hate is Roman Catholicity, they are vehemently opposed to all organized religion and to the civil government. They manage to thrive financially—for the most part, by the sale of literature—thus preying upon the ignorant, the simple, and upon malcontent elements.

You may disregard as a sheer fabrication the claim that 75 per cent of their membership is made up of ex-Catholics. Legally, you are not required to admit them to your home or to accept their literature. To say the least, you and your husband will waste your time to enter into a discussion with them. The only advisable stratagem—aside from praying for them—is to ignore them, from inside your locked doors or at street corners.

#### That Depends

*Please settle an argument. My brother contends that, if he were to die a moment after saying the "Prayer Before a Crucifix," he would go straight to heaven.—W. C., NEW YORK, N. Y.*

It is true that a plenary indulgence is attached to the devout recitation of the "Prayer Before a Crucifix," when it is said following the reception of Holy Communion and provided we add some prayers for the intentions of the Pope. A plenary indulgence is the cancellation of all the temporal punishment incurred by sin, either mortal or venial. But, whether

we gain a plenary indulgence in its fulness depends upon the good pleasure of God and upon the perfection of our own dispositions. In an attitude of spiritual thrift, we should be eager to gain both plenary and partial indulgences, as often as we reasonably can, but at the same time we should not take it for granted that we succeed in doing so with a "slot machine" precision.

#### Class B

*Annually, I have the same dispute with my sister. She maintains that a Class B movie is not necessarily "Objectionable in Part for All," that it is up to the individual conscience to decide.—D. T., NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.*

Your sister is very much mistaken. The American hierarchy have established the Legion of Decency and endorsed its ratings as our guide to conscience. If we did not have such a guide, other ways of rating a picture would be unreliable. We cannot depend upon the theater reviews in the secular press which, more often than not, is pagan. The opinion of someone else who has already seen a movie may not be much better. To find out for oneself, by attending a movie already stigmatized as objectionable for all is to burn one's fingers. By ignoring the Legion of Decency we disedify and scandalize others. We have only to read the reviews in Catholic publications to find out why "B" pictures are classified as objectionable in part for all. "Forbidden fruit" always seems attractive, but in the tasting may prove to be "sour grapes."

#### Eye Bank

*Some time ago you wrote that it is permissible to donate one's eyes, for use after death, for the benefit of another. Where should I go to make this arrangement?—A. W., CHELSEA, MASS.*

Every Catholic diocese has a Guild for the Blind, with its main office located in the city with which the diocese is identified and where the bishop resides. In your case, consult the priest in charge of the Guild, at 49 Franklin St., Boston 10.

#### Papal Blessings—a Correction

In the Sign Post for January (page 55), we stated that a papal blessing "is often requested on the occasion of a wedding or a wedding anniversary, a jubilee of ordination, or on similar occasions. Anyone residing in or visiting Rome can do this errand for you. Or you can ask your parish priest to make application for you, through the Apostolic Delegation at Washington, D. C."

It is no longer true that the Apostolic Benediction for weddings may be obtained through the Apostolic Delegation. The Apostolic Benediction for jubilees of marriage, ordination, and profession may be obtained from the Apostolic Delegation with the approval of the local Chancery Office.

"The Sign Post" is an information service for our readers. Letters of inquiry should be addressed to "The Sign Post," c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Inquiries should pertain to the faith, practices, and history of the Catholic Church. Inquirers should identify themselves by giving name and address. Anonymous letters will be disregarded. Questions are not answered by private reply. Personal problems of conscience — especially marriage cases — should be referred to one's pastor or confessor. Since letters cannot be answered privately, please don't enclose postage.

# Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

## Pursuit of Happiness

Years ago when I was a high school student, our professor of English told us of a rhetorical figure called oxymoron and gave us the definition of this odd word: it meant a phrase made up of two words which contradicted each other. As illustration he chose Milton's description of Shakespeare's style: "with wanton heed and giddy cunning." I suppose cruel kindness would be another example.

I have never seen the term used and never really thought about it since the day I heard it defined until it came to mind when I was reading an unusual amount of contradictory statements made by the rulers of earth, as well as of some who would like to be among them, and it came to me that we might call this the Age of Oxymoron. For we read that this fair free land of ours has loads of advantages, millions of cars, fine roads, high wages, a present peace and a future hope of same, educational opportunity, freedom of religion, and the right to the pursuit of happiness. On the next page we read about sleeping pills and tranquilizing pills and how more and more people have to take them, some to get through the night and some through the day in order to forget the worry and fear of modern existence.

The two statements are definitely oxymoron. We are all just fine; we are all frightened we won't be. Ergo, a little temporary Lethe for our troubled millions.

## Sleeping Pills

My own experience with sleeping pills, taken on the few occasions I was ill, has been that the reaction next day is most unpleasant, so I don't take them. I am a person who goes to bed late and is apt to wake up a few hours later. My simple method is to turn on the light, pick up a book and read until I am sleepy again. A simpler and no doubt better method is not to turn on the light but pick up your rosary and then concentrate on the prayers and not on the fact that you are awake. You may be surprised hours later to find you drifted off before you finished a decade.

But, of course, sleeping pills are an old subject. A newer pill has arrived, commonly known as happiness pills or tranquilizers or even don't-worry pellets. I have read recently and with horror that this past year more than a hundred million dollars was spent in this country on such pills.

Why do people take them? A drug taken to relieve pain makes sense, but a drug taken so you won't worry seems footless. One seller of these rest-bringing objects says they are fine for troubles stemming from differences of opinion. Is that what we need—a country where we don't have to worry making up our minds about two candidates but can vote for the single one selected by a kindly overlord? Not worry about differences of opinion—does that mean no more arguments? Where would the fun be in being hopped up with a pill so that in discussing the merits of Dulles or Eden or Nasser you won't get excited? It's fun to get excited.

And the suggestion is made that this pill will do away

with worry about money matters. But why not worry about money? If you don't worry you may not be able to pay your bills and then what? I'll wager welfare funds don't include non-worry pills.

Some manufacturers even include the young in the benefits to be derived from these pills; for example, if they are worried about exams. But worry makes one work to get through an exam. Or pills might help children "to relieve tensions resulting from the arrival of a new baby or the removal to a new home." One can all but visualize this scene—Jimmy being handed his pill to make him feel at home in the new house, Jane being given one before she is lifted to get a look at her new brother.

The anxiety to sell a product is certainly here carried to an odd length, and I think this come-on for the young is a hope rather than a fulfillment. But in the case of the grown-up it seems to me that worry of the right kind is what has all but built this country. If Washington and the brave group around him who risked everything—property, lives, honor—to found this republic had not worried, where would we be today? They worried and to some purpose and see where we are—a healthy, wealthy, and in lots of ways a wise republic, with millions of cars and lots of schools, with churches to which anyone of us can go—and so now we, who live on the fruit of their successful worry, are taking pills to avoid worry?

## The Flight from Worry

Of course, something is wrong, and there must be some reason for this flight from worry. I suppose not many people would be guilty of the remark made recently by one of our television entertainers who took a whole lot of sleeping pills in an effort to end all her worries at once. The doctors brought her back and when she gave out the customary interview she said she had been "touched by God"—so fascinating a statement that I followed it down the page: "You get religion and a deep sense of security when you are slipping into the abyss," she said, "and waken to find that God has touched you." Not even Euripides or Eugene O'Neill ever put it quite like that. And yet when you read it over there is a deep pathos there, "Slipping into the abyss"—not super-happiness, not everlasting rest, but the abyss.

And, sadly, that is the root of it all: in so many today there is no faith. The founding fathers had it and they put God in their beginning and all through their work. Worry you must, of course, but sanely and sensibly—and with faith in the Providence of God. Instead of rushing to get another little pill of pseudo relief, it might be a good idea to drop into a church and say a few prayers or maybe make a short meditation—on The Lord's Prayer, for instance, stopping at each phrase to see how it applies individually to you. The happiest people, the ones who do the really worth-while work, are those who rely on the love and protection of God—the Setons and Xaviers and Barats and Dominics. They loved God and worried about His people. And with their faith they easily moved a few mountains.



# TESTING BABY'S I.Q.

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*Tests worked out by the Gesell Institute can tell whether baby is a round peg in a round hole*

Three Lions Photo

How smart is your baby? Is he developing normally? That's what every mother wants to know. Even though baby can't speak, there are still ways of discovering what goes on in that seemingly unpredictable little mind. The Gesell Institute of Yale University has developed a series of tests based on prolonged psychological studies which reveal whether or not baby's mental development is enjoying a normal pattern of growth.

These tests, often used when matching infants with possible foster parents in adoption procedures, are broken down into four areas: 1. Motor skills—the child's ability to move about, grasp, and co-ordinate different body movements; 2. Adaptive skills—the infant's ability to initiate new experience and to learn from past experi-

ence; 3. Language skills—his ability to communicate and understand; and 4. Personal-social skills—the child's ability to adjust to other persons and to society.

The tests seem simple enough. The child is given familiar objects like a ball, some blocks, or a spoon and dish. What he does with them is observed by trained clinical psychologists who use their own judgment and experience in evaluating the child's progress.

Their evaluation is a qualitative one and no absolute standards are set. It is clearly recognized that each child develops in a unique way, some skills preceding others from child to child. Nevertheless, it is possible for the testers to determine whether the over-all pattern of a child's development is advanced or retarded.

## **Motor Skills**



weeks—Little John can lie prone head held high and sustain position



One year—At this stage, normally developed Billy can step along with just one hand held



Eighteen months—Regina can climb up an adult chair without any hesitation



months—Given cube by tester, Johnny puts it to his mouth. Situation normal



Eleven months—Billy readily removes round block from formboard, showing normal growth

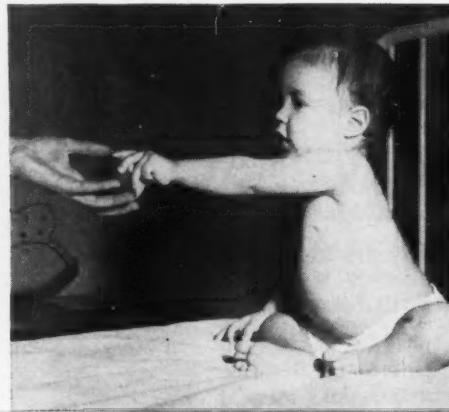


Eighteen months—Shown how to stroke with crayon, Regina repeats the action

## **Personal-Social Skills**



months—Given ring and string test, Johnny holds it and even chews it



Ten months—Given ball, Billy first pretends to give it up, but then refuses to let it go



Eighteen months—at a year-and-a-half Regina can feed herself, but messily



# BOOKS

## THE LAST ANGRY MAN

By Gerald Green. 494 pages. Scribner. \$4.50

Where are the angry men—the men who rage against injustice and are scandalized at compromise? They seem less common today. Perhaps even they have been lulled into moral sleep by mass entertainment.

TV producer Gerald Green's *The Last Angry Man* narrates the lifelong crusade of Dr. Sam Abelman against the "galoots"—the wise guys of this world who work for nothing but expect everything. Sam Abelman, reader of Thoreau and general practitioner in a slum neighborhood, is surrounded by enemies—the Applebaums who harass him and try to steal his patients for their doctor son, the gang of Negro kids headed by John the Dill, the desk sergeant at the local precinct who won't listen to his complaints.

They're all galoots and the doctor tells them so, even as he treats their ills and binds their wounds. For Abelman may be angry at people in general, but he never fails to extend love and help to individuals.

Had Mr. Green concentrated all his energies on the story of Dr. Abelman, his novel would be thoroughly enjoyable. But, to give the story greater meaning, he uses as a framework the search of an advertising agency for a new television show. Woody Thrasher, boy genius going on forty, hits on the idea of a program portraying the constructive lives of everyday people. Dr. Abelman is chosen as the first subject.

The meeting between the raucous and earthy Brooklyn world and the sophisticated world of television has great possibilities. Thrasher revises many of his own values. Ironically, though, whenever he centers his attention on the world he actually lives in, Mr. Green adopts all the tired clichés—the opportunism of advertising people, the dull adulteries that substitute for love in their lives. We've read all this too many times before and are in a hurry to get back to the old Jewish doctor and his friends who are real and full of life even when they're not very admirable.

WILLIAM BIRMINGHAM.

## THE AMERICAN SEX REVOLUTION

By Pitirim A. Sorokin. 186 pages. Porter Sargent. \$3.50

Professor Sorokin states a clear thesis and gives abundant evidence to support it. American society in this mid-twentieth century is a sexually decadent society. The Decadents themselves may challenge this statement. However, neither the Decadents nor anyone else can escape the evidence that imposes itself on our consciousness.

Sorokin has collected, summarized, and orderly presented this evidence; so arranged, it attains a new impact when examined by those still convinced that man, as a reasonable being, should live according to the guidance of reason, not according to emotional response to sex stimulation.

Others, particularly the religious leaders of our society, have stated the same proposition. They are, however, suspect of distorted judgment and unacceptable to a large section of the American people. Thus this presentation fills a great need. It is an excellent work by one of the finest of contemporary scholars of the cultural life of mankind. It is written for the general reader.

He has done well. He has described the conflagration that threatens our society. That is a great contribution. The pathos of such writing is that it ends with description. It cannot provide a cure for the chaos it describes.

The cure goes far beyond sociology into the realm of religion. This Sorokin could have indicated. He does not go so far.

THOMAS BERRY, C. P.

## THE ETRUSCAN

By Mika Waltari. 381 pages. Putnam. \$4.50

The type of historical fiction at which Mika Waltari is undeniably accomplished generally leaves me cold; its poverty of characterization and burden of atmosphere—not to mention the strong lacings of sex and vio-



Mika Waltari

lence—strike me as the marks of a quite superficial kind of writing.

Still, Waltari has done better than this. His *The Egyptian* was, for his wide reading public, an entertaining re-creation of that ancient and colorful civilization. Perhaps because he has set himself a much more ambitious task here, *The Etruscan* does not come off so well.

First of all, the Etruscan civilization is one about which we know comparatively little; hence the dignity and romantic quality it probably enjoyed is foreign to us. And, as if this writing in the dark were not enough, the author asks us to believe that his two main characters are immortal.

Gods they may be, but Lars Turms and his lady love, Arsinoe, also manage to disport themselves like any other man and woman with their feet on the ground and their animal passions in excellent working order. A certain reticence and self-discipline are about all that distinguish Lars from his fellow characters in the story, and his lady is little more than a petulant seductress embodying all the sensuality with which Venus is said to have been endowed. They make very improbable gods.

Description-wise, I suppose the author does create an interesting setting. Lars' travels take him through much of ancient Mediterranean, and there is some sea-faring flavor that catches the imagination.

But as in most of this type of fact-fiction, the characters do not really live. They are cardboard figures moving against a lavishly painted set. To use the well-worn simile, they are merely puppets maneuvered by the author. The strings show.

WILLIAM T. DARDEN.

## THE STORY OF GABRIELLE

By Catherine Gabrielson. 118 pages. World. \$2.75

Rarely does a book fulfill all the pre-publication superlatives which herald its arrival, but here is one which lives up to all that has been claimed for it and more. It leaves the reader awed and humbled by the overwhelming flood of the love and understanding of

this mother who dies a little on each page as she tells the grim, three-month struggle of her little nine-year-old daughter, Gabrielle, against the ravages of cancer. This is emotional dynamite, deriving its force from a quiet, unadorned style that is almost taut in its economy, flawless in its refinement of feeling, unsullied by sentimentality or pity. It brings an exaltation of spirit, a purgation of soul that is akin to the essence of Greek tragedy, classic in its direct simplicity. The spiritual impact of the whole book is stunning.

Although there is very little reference to any organized religion, there is an unquestioning acceptance of the will of God. A skeptic reading the book would be forced to acknowledge a Divine plan at work. For when, once, Gabby was coming out of a spell of delirium and her mother asked her "Where have you been anyway, Gabby, on a trip to the moon?" the child replied, "No, to God," there is a real sense of something more than the incoherent raving of delirium, there is a sense of a reality to which Gabby has been admitted, a presence so compelling that when she finally found merciful release in death her mother could say it was "a beautiful occasion, light and wondrous," enabling her to go on "more able to live fully than before."

This book is a rich experience. It is full of stark horror, unrelieved pain, unbearable headache and heartbreak, but so transmuted through love and faith that there is nowhere any sadness in it.

FORTUNATA CALIRI.

#### THE SILENT LIFE

By Thomas Merton. 178 pages.  
Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. \$3.50

This book combines the meditative spirit of *The Seeds of Contemplation* with the historical research of *The Waters of Siloe*. Father Merton outlines the origins and developments of the various types of monastic life, pointing out the similarities and peculiarities of each and giving us his own thoughtful views as to the essence of a monk's vocation and the meaning of the true monastic spirit.

In defining a monk, Father Merton emphasizes the reciprocal nature of grace and vocational choices, observing that "a monk is a man who seeks God because he has been found by God." But, one may ask, does this not include many persons who are not monks? Anticipating this reply, Father Merton further explains that a monk is distinguished from the laity by his withdrawal from the "world" and distinguished from other religious by the fact that he is essentially "dedicated

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It is obvious that Thomas Merton has deepened considerably since *The Seven-Storey Mountain*: each successive book has shown that. And it is surely a paradox that a man so removed from "ordinary" existence should have so much to offer Chesterton's Common Man. Yet such is the case. And Evelyn Waugh's tribute that "America is discovering the monastic life and its meaning because of Thomas Merton" has never been more strongly proven than in this most recent volume.

RICHARD C. CROWLEY

#### BLUE CAMELLIA

*By Frances P. Keyes.  
Messner.*

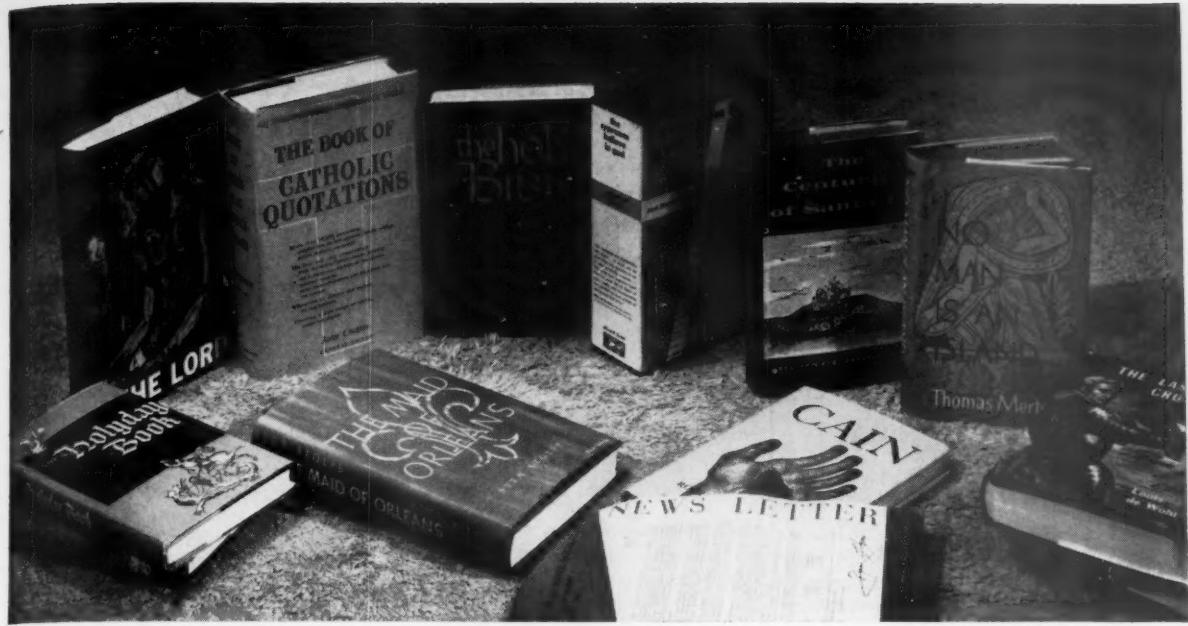
432 pages.  
\$3.95



Mrs. Keyes adds to her imposing list of successful novels a new one dealing with the story of rice in Southern Louisiana. Much of its background is pure history based on extensive research done in Crowley

F. P. Keyes

where were made the experiments which perfected the *Blue Camellia*. This was the name given to the improved strain of rice which Brent Winslow had bred over a period of twenty-odd years. It also represented the accomplishment of the impossible, for there is no such flower in nature. Especially important is the story of Lavinia, daughter of Mary and Brent who move from Iowa to Crowley for the sake of his health. Here they buy cheap farm land and, together with their Cajun neighbors the Villacs and Primeaux, they struggle to wrest a living from it. It is not long before they are all prosperous and Brent has become dedicated to his rice experiments. After being educated in New Orleans, Lavinia falls in love with Fleex, the Primeaux black sheep, and only accepts the stolid, devoted Claude Villac when Fleex fails to return home after months of unexplained absence. For ten years, Lavinia does her best to make Claude happy despite her continued longing for Fleex. In



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this she is almost implausibly good, especially since she lacks strong motivation. Mrs. Keyes has very carefully reproduced the Cajun dialect along with their qualities of industry, frugality, and their traditional Catholicism tinged with old superstitions. Although tedious in spots, this novel offers interesting information as well as entertainment.

PAULA BOWES.

### THE LAST PARALLEL

By Martin Russ.  
Rinehart.

333 pages.  
\$3.95

For nearly a year dating from the first entry on August 20, 1952, Cpl., later Sgt., Russ scribbled every few days in a notebook observations on his thoughts, actions, and surroundings in the U. S. Marine

Corps. The greater part of the time he spent on the front line and in front of the front line, in Korea. The history he relates of the Korean war tells us little we did not already know of that horror of mud and ice and sudden death. The personality revealed by the writer is that of a schoolboy unfairly catapulted by events into an untimely manhood, sophomoric, disingenuous, pretentious, offensive, brave, without the faintest trace of originality of mind, in his own unkind words on page 122: "I'm my own cretinous self and having a ball."

Having said all this, one has still to admit that pages and pages of this book will fascinate the reader. From the point of view of style Mr. Russ's writings would rank with the 'phone book; from end to end there is not an image that is not worn threadbare. And yet out of a prose distilled from the cliché and the inevitable four-lettered vocable, the writer has produced countless passages of gripping narrative detailing the night raids and patrols in which he participated. This is vigorous native talent surmounting mediocrity of form which gives promise that the novel on which, so a blurb tells us, the more mature Martin Russ is now engaged will have qualities totally lacking in his war journal.

EENTON MORAN.

### AMERICA REMEMBERS

Ed. by Samuel Rapport & Patricia Schartle.  
Hanover.

669 pages.  
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It is a pleasure to recommend this volume of remembrances. The editors have judiciously chosen some eighty short pieces from the wealth of literary

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Martin Russ

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Everyone will have his favorites. Recollections of such fast-disappearing institutions as the circus and the old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration will awaken memories in all but the youngest readers; tributes to long-gone institutions such as the horse-and-buggy doctor and the Chautauqua will evoke some of the romance of earlier days; remembrances of growing up—whether on the farm or on the streets of New York or Chicago—will appeal to virtually everyone.

The collection does not purport to be a formal history of our country's growth and development. Much of the setting is the late nineteenth century, and the regional flavor is strong. It is, as the editors point out, a joyful remembrance of people, places, and the traditions we treasure most.

WILLIAM T. DARDEN.

## THE UNDEFEATED

By I. A. R. Wylie.  
Random House.

301 pages.  
\$3.75



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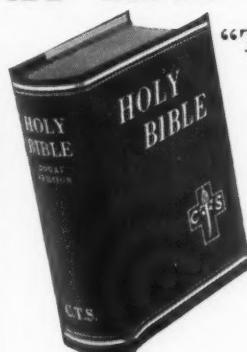
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of the indifference of our times to moral or ethical considerations.

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And long after the last page of this book has been regrettably turned, there will remain the unforgettable vision of the decaying old provincial church and the tall crucifix, its blood-streaked burden looking down "with the resigned sadness of someone once dearly loved and now almost forgotten."

VICTOR J. NEWTON.

## THE WILD SWAN

By Margaret Kennedy. 310 pages. \$3.75

The author of *The Constant Nymph*, Lucy Carmichael, and other best sellers, does not ring the bell with her latest book. *The Wild Swan's* central character is a Victorian writer of romantic novels named Dorothea Harding. A highly successful author of her time, she is all but forgotten. But Dorothea had left a diary and some unpublished poems. Interpreting these in his own peculiar fashion, a literary critic reconstructs her life in a distorted manner. On the basis of the critic's book, a woman writes a play that is a smash hit. As the novel opens, a British motion picture company has decided to get into the act.

The critic, the playwright, and Roy Collins, a young script writer, visit the Harding home and in the course of the research work, Collins discovers the true story of Dorothea. How the impact of this revelation affects his life is the main theme of *The Wild Swan*. In attempting to interweave the stories of different centuries and point up certain parallels, the total effect is unsatisfactory. The Victorian scenes are well drawn, but there is an air of unreality about the modern motivations. On the credit side there is some good satire directed at the British counterpart of Hollywood and the author's contempt for a certain type of poetry critic is savagely underlined. Miss Kennedy's flair for the deft and witty thrust is noticeable. Example: "He

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had a talent for formidable silence, which shattered the nerves of the diffident." On the whole, the book is an interesting attempt to weave two tales together, but it remains unconvincing.

DOYLE HENNESSY.

## THE PROTESTANT CHURCHES OF AMERICA

By John A. Hardon, S. J. 365 pages.  
Newman. \$5.00

This up-to-date manual of information on the Protestant churches of the United States contains a variety of authenticated facts that should be useful to anyone who has religious contacts with Protestants. Priests who are instructing converts or preparing non-Catholics for marriage with Catholics can use it to establish an understanding in their own minds of the problems encountered by those who are confronted with the clear-cut, authoritative teachings of the Church for the first time. Anyone who has wondered at the zeal and lack of human respect found in Seventh Day Adventists and Disciples of Christ or at the effective propaganda methods of the Christian Scientists will find the motives of these groups well explained.

The author divides his work into two main sections, one dealing with major Protestant churches—major because of the number of communicants—the other dealing with the minor groups. Among the major bodies are the Adventists, Baptists, Disciples of Christ, Episcopalians, Lutherans, Methodists, Quakers, etc.; among the minor groups are Jehovah's Witnesses, the Holiness Churches, and other healing and pentecostal groups. In each chapter a short history of the denomination precedes a description of the teachings, laws, and ritual practices of the group and a table of statistics concludes the chapter.

A third section of the book provides complete tables of statistics in regard to church membership, Sunday and sabbath schools, clergy, etc., among these groups. There is an adequate index.

The book is well prepared, well documented from Protestant sources (there is a bibliography of source material), and interestingly written, with evident charity and forbearance.

PETER QUINN, C. P.

## THE EMBATTLED

By J. M. Artajo. 309 pages.  
Newman.

*The Embattled* is a story about Spain torn apart by civil war; the author has not turned to propaganda—he doesn't take sides—but focuses his attention on a group of men imprisoned by the Reds. He is careful, too, not to chronicle the events of war but describes the attitudes

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of men who are forced to live a life from which almost everything human has been taken away.

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One comes away from reading this novel with a day-by-day sense of the untouched reservoirs of heroism that lie within men and which life does little to discover and foster. There are other notable things about the book—the difference between men who dedicate their lives to a cause and men who go on with business as usual, the sustaining power of faith, the value of suffering, and the feeling of men about to die that their sacrifice is not in vain.

There is the other side too, men who spy on their comrades and who denounce them before the Red tribunals, who torture men under them, who convince themselves that whatever their masters want them to do is right, but on the whole the characters gain strength through this ordeal.

The translation is not very good and the action is at times too dispersed to be clear. The characterization, though vivid, is not deep, but these are small faults—the important thing is that the story is true and moving.

N. ELIZABETH MONROE.

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over again with Jean and rejoicing in having restored his mother's happiness.

If this book were shorter, the suspense would have been better sustained. This is probably because it lacks the descriptive restraint of Mr. Walsh's *The Quiet Man*. The characterizations are executed with delicacy and subtlety, and the atmosphere is authentically Irish. Particularly good are Police Superintendent Jerome Farley and Father Connell, about both of whom more should be written.

PAULA BOWES.

## TILL WE HAVE FACES

By C. S. Lewis,  
*Harcourt, Brace.*

In his *Screwtape Letters* and his planetary novels of imagined life on Mars and Venus, C. S. Lewis has established a highly individualized concept of an esoteric, metaphysical Christianity. In this strange novel he rearranges and retells the Greek myth of Cupid and Psyche in the odd way that he has made his own.

In the grim and dank pagan Kingdom of Glome an ugly princess, Orual, who tells the story, has an intense love for her beautiful sister, Psyche, who is given as a blood sacrifice to appease the wrath of the black stone goddess, Orgen. Psyche is rescued and married by the Mountain God, who may not be viewed by mortal. Orual persuades Psyche to light a lamp and gaze on her daemon husband-lover. As a consequence Psyche is doomed to wander the earth. Orual on the other hand becomes a rather Amazon Queen of Glome but is tremendously unhappy because no man loves her because of her ugliness and because she has destroyed Psyche through mistaken love. Also, she does not seem to get along with the gods very well. In fact, Mr. Lewis has her moaning about that for many tedious pages.

The background picture of a pagan kingdom, presumably somewhere near Petra or Palmyra, faintly touched by Greek culture, has a cold and shuddering feeling of authenticity. Mr. Lewis' reinterpretation in pagan terms of the not unpleasant Greek myth is turgid and involved. The link of parallelism to the Christian ideal of love and self-sacrifice which may have been the author's intention, in view of the implicit message in his other writings, is very unclear. There is much more of the obscure occult about the book than of the clear and shining supernatural; a story almost exclusively for devotees of Mr. Lewis' literary cultus.

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## STOPOVER: TOKYO

By John P. Marquand.  
Little, Brown.

313 pages.  
\$3.95

It is no surprise to learn that Twentieth Century-Fox has already purchased the film rights for *Stopover: Tokyo*; it has the earmarks of a potential movie scenario. The story is top cloak-and-dagger suspense.

Word in Washington is that Tokyo Reds are planning a political assassination as an excuse to touch off public anti-American demonstrations. With little to go on but two names—a Russian master mind named Skirov and a high Stateside Party member with a flair for showmanship dubbed Big Ben—Intelligence sends agents Jack Rhyce and Ruth Bogart to get details of the maneuver under cover of surveying a seemingly clean organization.

Even before reaching the Orient Jack and Ruth brush shoulders with Ben himself, and they are not long on the job before discovering the Friendship League is not the innocent front it pretends to be. When their contact in Japan is murdered and the inscrutable Mr. Moto enters the picture in an official capacity, the chase narrows down to a stealthy cat-and-mouse affair.

The author reins in the lines of tension with just enough artful slack to keep his audience breathing hard. He makes startlingly clear that it is no child's game these operators play as they are prepared to lose their own personalities completely in the roles assigned them by Uncle Sam. And while only a handful may know how closely related this yarn is to the actual working of our counterespionage system, Mr. Marquand produces an awfully good show.

LOIS SLADE PUSATERI



J. P. Marquand

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## SHORT NOTICES

**THE PHILADELPHIAN.** By Richard Powell. 376 pages. Scribner. \$3.95. Richard Powell's *The Philadelphian* attempts to do for that city what Marquand has done for Boston. The study of how a family moves within three generations from the lowest social level (Irish immigrant in the mid-nineteenth century) to the highest (accepted in Philadelphia society) has macabre interest. Mr. Powell is somewhat unusual, because he does not view this hundred-year effort with the detachment of irony. The reader, however, is not certain to consider the quest for social acceptability quite that fascinating—nor is he apt to be overwhelmed by the author's advocacy of breeding and training to do the "right"

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thing as one of the highest forms of human existence.

**THESE WOMEN WALKED WITH GOD.** By Rev. M. Raymond, O.C.S.O. 255 pages. Bruce. \$3.95. This is the last published but third of the four volume work, *The Sage of Citeaux*, by Fr. Raymond. Out of the thirteenth, "the greatest of centuries," he has brought to life fifteen heroic women who walked with God in the Cistercian way, but who, the author believes, have a pragmatic value for the modern woman who lives in a world of chaos quite akin to theirs. These women came from all levels of society: some were princesses, others were peasants; some achieved the crown of martyrdom, others died to self in other less spectacular ways. The stories are brief and some medieval romances. All are interesting and illuminating.

**ENGLISH IN THE LITURGY.** Edited and introduced by Charles R. A. Cunliffe. Templegate. 153 pages. This is a concise and objective statement on a major liturgical issue by leading authorities. The contributors make no effort to be popular, but the clarity of their thought makes it accessible to any serious reader.

Charles Cunliffe's introduction gives the historical background to the problem of the liturgy in English. Father McDonald discusses the theology of vernacular in the Mass.

Father Howell sets forth the liturgical arguments for having the Mass in English. By way of contrast, Father Coyne's essay argues strongly for retaining Latin in the Mass. Mr. Finberg and Mr. Milner speak on problems of translation and on English texts in liturgical music. Father Sumner's concluding contribution gives pastoral reasons for English in the liturgy.

**THIS MYSTERIOUS HUMAN NATURE.** By James M. Gillis. 244 pages. Scribner. \$3.50. The indefatigable Paulist crusader has again unsheathed his Excalibur and mounted his white charger. Up and down dale in thirty-six valiant sorties (essays in practical ethics) he rides, left hand lifting high the banner of righteousness as with right he implacably wields the broadsword, belaboring with equal zest the mighty and the louts.

Muscular erudition and venerable good will are marshaled here. Some passages soar. But the pace is uneven; messages become lost in the echoes of prolific forays and challenges are blurred by off-course sallies. However, the whole makes for stimulating excursions into such diversified territory as "Patriotism Good and Bad" and "Seeking Truth and Finding God."



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Bishop Sheen,  
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## SPIRITUAL COMMANDER, IN-CHIEF

(Continued from page 13)

shell hit the road in front of them, his driver swung the jeep around so abruptly that Ryan was hurled into a ditch. When he returned, muddy and bruised, he took a good deal of kidding about his appearance.

All through North Africa and Italy Ryan collected small contributions from the G.I.'s and when the Fifth Army liberated Rome he had some \$6,000 to turn over to the Holy Father for the war destitute.

On the Sunday after the Fifth took Rome, Ryan sang the solemn Mass of Thanksgiving in the Church of Santa Maria degl'Angeli on the Piazza Esedra. Among the 10,000 uniformed and non-uniformed worshippers were Protestant Mark Clark and his Catholic chief of staff, Major General Alfred Gruenthal. Ryan and Gruenthal have been fast friends since the war.

Always on the lookout for ways to aid his chaplains, Ryan in December 1944, provided those in the Fifth Army with a series of conferences led by Major J. F. Zigarelli, the First Armored Division psychiatrist. The talks dealt with modern psychological concepts pertaining to the combat soldier's experiences as well as his personal adjustment problems arising from prolonged periods of combat. They proved extremely beneficial.

For his work with the Fifth Army Ryan was awarded the Bronze Star "for notable and distinctive services in coordinating and expediting the affairs and activities of chaplains in the American, South African and Brazilian forces."

In August, 1945, the weary Ryan figured he could catch up on his rest if he traveled back to the states by ship and enjoyed the ocean breezes. The only trouble was that when the ship left Italy he was the only priest available for 2,400 returning soldiers. So he went right on being a chaplain. "I heard confessions until I was dizzy," he recalls.

When he was promoted to major general and Chief of Chaplains in 1954, Ryan began to deprecate his lofty position as he went around the country delivering get-acquainted talks at Army posts. An Irish story he used to illustrate how he felt invariably brought the house down. It was about the Irishman who had celebrated "not wisely but too well" one night and was returning home late by moonlight.

"As he crossed over a small bridge across a lagoon, he paused and nodded for a few minutes," Ryan related. "When he opened his eyes, he found himself staring down into the lagoon and saw the moon there. He scratched his head and said, 'Now how in the hell did I get so high?'"

## LETTERS

(Continued from page 3)

As to Canada's stand regarding Britain's intervention, there are a lot of people who don't agree with our government. Canada should have backed up Britain instead of clutching the United States' apron strings.

C. J. MYERS

TORONTO, ONT., CANADA

I do not like your editorial, "Near East Aggression" because all your information is wrong about France and the French point of view.

Your judgment is monstrous when you compare our attack on Suez, an attack against a new Hitler whose name is Nasser, with the attack of the USSR against Hungary. . . .

J. GUYOT

NERIS LES BAINS, FRANCE

THE SIGN is an excellent magazine with unusually good editorials, but I must take exception to the editorial in your December issue. . . .

Colonel Nasser has pulled the lion's tail and now the "neutrals" and even many in the United States and the United Kingdom are indignant and surprised because the lion has snapped his jaws at this frustrated Hitler.

ARTHUR H. BROOK, II  
MONTCLAIR, N. J.

The editorial content of THE SIGN is excellent. Keep up the stand on better understanding of the Near East situation.

CHARLES SCHLEGEI, D.D.S.  
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

## TRENDEX

After reading the January issue of THE SIGN, I feel I really must write to tell you how pleased I was with the article on Tredex. It was the secondary topic in the article which interested me, i.e., the mention of Blessed Martin de Porres. He has been my source of help in every difficulty and has never failed me. . . .

Your magazine is always enjoyable. I particularly enjoy the book reviews which are so complete and always well written.

PATRICIA R. WEINGARTNER  
DETROIT, MICH.

## MACDONALD CAREY

My home is in Los Angeles, but I am visiting New York and have just read a copy of THE SIGN (January) with an article on Macdonald Carey.

It was a very enjoyable story about a fine Catholic actor. Did you know that only last week Carey turned down a very important script because it was favorable to birth control? Not many actors—even Catholics—do that.

MAUREEN MAHONEY  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

## KIDDIEMANSHIP

I can't remember when I was so buoyed up and delighted as when I read Ruth

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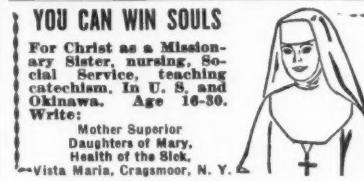
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Hume's "The Art of Kiddiemanship." (January). It was wonderful to discover that my children and I were perfectly normal. Every time I've lost my temper or seemed to have lost complete control of my entire household, I've been absolutely sure that as a wife and mother, I am an unadulterated and undeniably flop, and that my children will surely grow up to be master misfits to society. . . .

After all is said and done, we've weathered many a storm and come out a normal and, we think, an unusually happy family.

Many thanks for a truly wonderful magazine.

MRS. W. J. RIES

MASSILLON, OHIO

## THE CROSS

In January's issue of THE SIGN on page nineteen you have a reprint of a painting of the Crucifixion—could you tell me the name of the artist who did this work and if it is available in color.

JOHN HANSEN

CHICAGO, ILL.

Could you please tell me how I could obtain a copy of the picture of the Crucifixion which appeared on page nineteen of your January issue of THE SIGN.

MRS. K. E. GROICE

DOWNEY, CALIF.

The painting was Van Dyck's "Christ on the Cross." We regret that we have no information on available reprints.

## FATHER HIGGINS

So much of your fiction is criticized that I must express my keen enjoyment of "Father Higgins" by Arthur Cavanaugh, in the December issue.

Mr. Cavanaugh's story of the patient, unassuming priest in a declining parish struck a responsive chord with many. . . .

CHARLES J. FOREMAN

BALTIMORE, MD.

## DOCTORS

It is indeed encouraging to find that you include in THE SIGN, p. 9, January, several praises of medical physicians. You note that the Holy Father has affection for them.

THE SIGN is following the right path in the emphasis on the duty of physicians to adhere to the proven facts. Catholics can be a scandal to themselves, to outsiders, when they support some passing cults. . . .

W. P. B.

POMONA, N. Y.

## SPIRITUAL THOUGHT

While I'm writing I may as well take the opportunity to thank you for the wonderful article based on Dr. Edward Strecker's book, *Their Mothers' Daughter* (October). Wouldn't it be wonderful if overly possessive mothers and sisters would be properly corrected by just reading it?

Many others have commented favorably on "The Cry of Silent Desperation" in last July's issue of THE SIGN and "Heroism"

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Kilian McDonnell, O.S.B., in October. The writer is a man of unusual insight and sensitivity. I hope to come across more of his inspiring articles this year. . . .

MRS. D. J. HOURICAN

NEW CASTLE, PA.

#### ROUND-UP

I request that you terminate our subscription to your magazine.

Your position in regard to labor is biased and your editorials and reporting on "Right-to-Work" laws are outright dishonest. . . .

E. CARRANZA

Lodi, N. J.

We used to have a subscription to THE SIGN magazine, but dropped it because so many articles in it are either written by Left-wingers or by people propagandized for so many years that they don't know any better. . . .

MRS. WM. PETERSON

CROWN POINT, IND.

You are expounding a humanitarian way of life in keeping with Christ's commands. . . .

THOMAS McGEE

HOUSTON, TEXAS

THE SIGN has become such an important part of our lives that it's the last magazine we'd let vanish from the scene! . . .

JOAN SCHMIDT

MADISON, WIS.

In your magazine, I find the utmost in up-to-date information on many subjects. . . .

MISS MARY JO DUGAN

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

As a reader of THE SIGN since its origin, I feel that I have been greatly benefitted spiritually but possibly more so by a broadening of mind politically re world events—economics, labor, nationalities, etc. . . .

G. T. BRENNAN

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

We wish at this time to extend our congratulations for outstanding success in your presentation of wholesome and informative reading. . . .

MR. & MRS. DANIEL F. DOHERTY  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

I would like to tell you what I like about your magazine. (1) "The Editor's Page" by Father Gorman. . . . (2) "Current Fact & Comment" clearly stated points of view on matters timely and often controversial. . . .

ROBERT W. KING

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

We have been reading THE SIGN for over two years now and enjoy it from cover to cover. Especially the "Letters" department, and the question-and-answer feature. . . . I enjoy your fiction very much. . . .

MRS. SHERIDAN J. SOULIA

DANNEBORA, N. Y.

I am among the many in your debt and in debt to THE SIGN for encouragement to

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PATRICIA HALL

HAMPSHIRE, ENGLAND.

One thing that makes it so important to me is the attraction it is for non-Catholics as well as Catholics. My husband is not Catholic and he, for one, shows a great deal of interest in it. . . .

MRS. E. A. SAREN

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Thank you for a well-balanced, intelligent magazine. It's no small wonder that the Catholic Press is the first target of Communists "liberated" country.

ELMER L. MARL

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

I enjoy and will continue to enjoy reading THE SIGN. It has many wonderful, pleasing, and interesting articles, comments, and opinions on current news events.

THOMAS ZAMBORSKI

HOMESTEAD PARK, PA.

Believe me you have not failed us—we need your magazine.

MRS. C. S. KNO

MONTROSE, S. DAKOTA.

A subscriber since June, I wish to express my appreciation of THE SIGN.

Also, I get a real kick out of some of the letters of criticism you print from some of those who are so certain of their own opinions being infallibly correct, that they would cancel a subscription rather than that you should publish an editorial at variance with their views.

MRS. FLOE B. STRAITWELL

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## LEPERS

It is for me a pleasant duty to thank you most sincerely for your great kindness in sending us three subscriptions to the very interesting magazine, THE SIGN! The lepers delight in reading them and so forget their loneliness and their worries for the while. . . .

MOTHER M. RICTRUD

CEBU, PHILIPPINES.

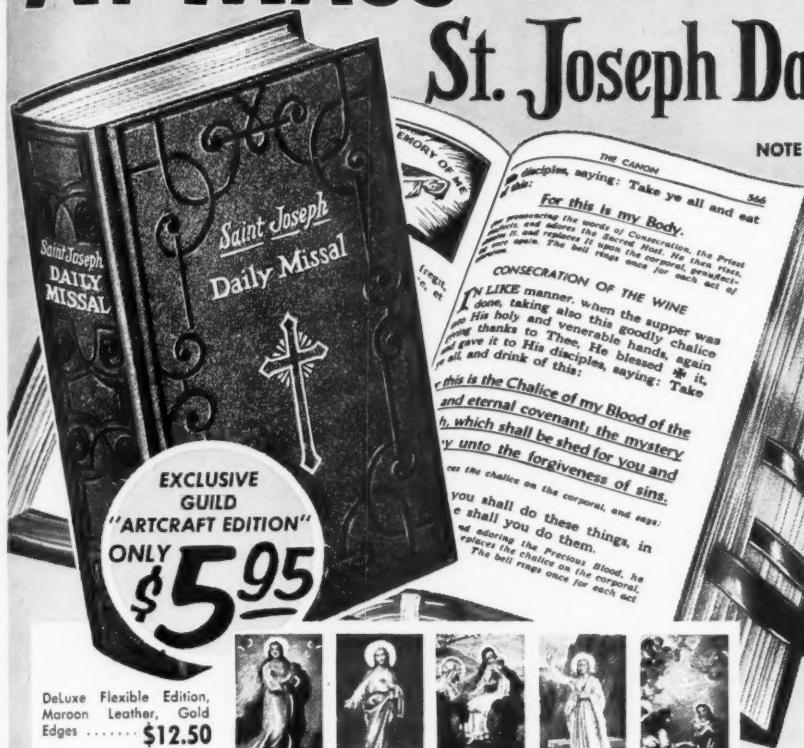
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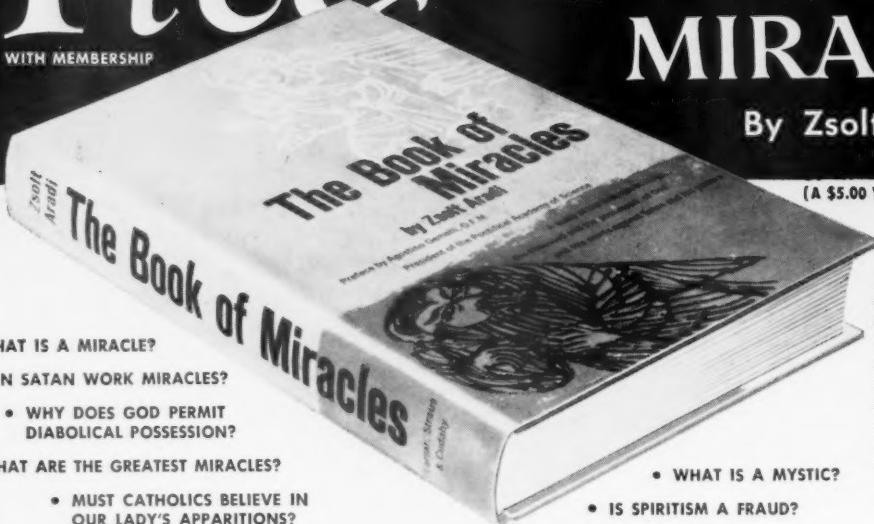
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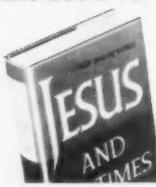
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